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FLORIDA, which has been much in the news for several years, is again on the first pages of the newspapers. First there was the boom, fantastic and almost incredible in some of its aspects; then there was the collapse, tragic for those involved, but not altogether displeasing to a good many others; now there is the hurricane, ferocious in its destruction of life and property, which, not content with its ruin in Florida, swept on westward through Alabama and Mississippi. Whatever opinions citizens of other States may have had of the Florida boom and its sequel, there will be nothing but profound sympathy for the victims of the present disaster, and relief will be quick and generous. Humanity contemplates with a certain self-protecting indifference the fall which follows pride, but when nature strikes us in its dumb, uncontrollable way it unites us as nothing else can in common awe and sorrow. And Florida, of course, will weather the hurricane just as she will the real-estate boom and deflation, as San Francisco did her earthquake and fire. Men are as relentless and unstopable as nature itself.

THE DECADENT FRENCH—where are they? Suzanne swept the women's tennis courts, but Suzanne was Suzanne, superb, unique, beyond frontiers. Georges Michel, however, who plowed across the cold September Channel ahead of British, German, and American records and crawled up onto the British shore shouting "J'ai battu l'Allemand!" with one breath and "Whiskey!" with the next—he was indisputably a product of Gaul. And now the men tennis stars—Lacoste, Cochet, Borotra, and Brugnon—three of whom mowed down all competitors and entered the semi-finals of our national tennis tournament; one of whom, Borotra, downed Johnston and Vincent Richards on successive days and then lost the silver cup to his teammate Lacoste, who had beaten Tilden's conqueror—what are they if not a product of that exhausted post-war France which, with its low birth-rate, its diet of frogs and snails, and its wild, wild ways, was doomed forever? Here, as much as at Verdun, is the spirit of France—a France that takes sport with a laugh, and wins.

WHAT IS ATTORNEY GENERAL SARGENT going to do about Sacco and Vanzetti? The completion of the hearing for a new trial confirms the story of the case presented by *The Nation* last week in which responsibility for the conviction of two probably innocent men was placed primarily upon the federal Department of Justice. William G. Thompson, counsel for the condemned men, submitted to Judge Webster Thayer affidavits from two former agents of the Department of Justice, Lawrence Letherman and Fred J. Weyand, that the machinery of the federal government had been used to convict Sacco and Vanzetti of murder although it was the opinion of those working on the case that the two Italians were not guilty of the crime charged. The real crime of the two men, in the eyes of the Department of Justice, was that they were aliens and radicals. Because they could not be deported "it was," Letherman swore, "the opinion of the Department of Justice agents here [in Boston] that a conviction of Sacco and Vanzetti for murder would be one way of disposing of them." Letherman added that "the letters and evidence on file in the Boston office would throw a great deal of light on the preparation of the case." A. Mitchell Palmer and not the present Attorney General was responsible for the policy of the Department of Justice in 1920, but unless Mr. Sargent does his best to undo the wrong he makes himself an accomplice in the effort to send two probably innocent men to the electric chair. As Mr. Thompson said: "The government that values secrets more than it values the lives of citizens has become a tyranny."

MR. THOMPSON'S DEMAND for a new trial seems to us impregnable. Dudley P. Ranney, retained by the State of Massachusetts to oppose the application, made a weak defense of the conduct of the prosecution in the case, failing wholly to meet the great issues involved. He made no effort to controvert the charges in the affidavits of Weyand and Letherman. On the contrary he defended the conduct of the federal government and fell back on the lame argument that in revealing the facts Weyand and Letherman had been guilty of a breach of loyalty. Nor can one restrain impatience at finding Mr. Ranney relying on such technicalities in opposing a new trial as that the defense had been guilty of undue delay in making the motion. The fact is that the case against Sacco and Vanzetti is now of no importance compared with the case against the courts of Massa-

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chusetts. Mr. Thompson did not exaggerate when he said:

> Do you think that that part of the evidence which tells of the relations between the federal officials in Boston and the prosecution is of such a character that the honor of the Commonwealth can be supported if there is no new trial in this case? . . .
>
> Think what is going to be said about it: The man who does not believe in private property in America is going to be killed whether he commits murder or not! These words are going to ring around the world.

THE ROUT OF THE KLAN in Colorado surprised its most sanguine enemies. Senator Rice W. Means, supported by his fellow-Senator, L. C. Phipps, chairman of the Republican National Senatorial Committee, expected renomination; he lost by 16,000 votes. The Klan candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor was also badly defeated by former Governor O. H. Shoup; and the "radical millionaire," former Governor William E. Sweet, overwhelmed the candidate supported by the Klan and McAdoo forces for the Democratic nomination for Senator. Now, Colorado has been a fortress of the Klan; the Wizard's office was reckoned as important as the Governor's by those who sought official favors. Only in Indiana did its rule seem firmer. And Colorado has turned against it. This is good news, and it disturbs the regulars in both old parties. But Mr. Means's victor, Charles W. Waterman, has not, as counsel of President Coolidge's Oil Conservation Board, shown insurgent tendencies. Colorado is another evidence of the vigor of local revolts. The State was tired of Klan domination; but those who read a national meaning into the returns fool themselves. The only other primary surprises of last week were the signs of returning Dry strength in the East. Several New York Republican constituencies defeated Wadsworth Wets; and although John Philips Hill, Maryland's histrionic Wet, swept Baltimore, the rural districts assured the renomination of Senator Weller, who is relatively Dry.

CANADA'S ELECTION swung the political pendulum toward the Liberals. The last two elections had been indecisive; even with Progressive support Mackenzie King's majority in the last Parliament was unstable, and when Governor Byng refused an election and called in the Conservative leader, Mr. Meighen could win a majority only against King but not for his own policies. In the new House the Liberals will have 119 seats, the Conservatives 91, the much-divided Progressives 19; Labor holds 3 seats, and the Alberta United Farmers their 11. This, then, marks a loss of 25 seats for the Conservatives, chiefly in Western Ontario. The Conservatives won only one prairie seat. But the phalanx of French-Canadian Liberals from Quebec are of very different stuff from the American-minded Liberals of the West. Quebec Liberals are protectionist; the Western farmers are as suspicious of tariffs as their American colleagues south of the frontier. The customs scandals which forced Mr. King's resignation in June faded during the campaign, as the oil scandals faded in our own Presidential campaign, largely because the Liberals were able to find smirches on the Conservative scutcheon to match their own stains. The constitutional issue played a larger role; the Liberals attacked the Governor General's intervention in domestic politics (see Mr. de Brisay's article in *The Nation* for September 8) and the Conservatives retorted by accusing the Liberals of being annexationists in disguise. The Liberal gains indicate that Canada will continue along the path of growing independence which her economic interests so plainly mark out for her.

THE BRITISH COAL STRIKE is now in its twentieth week, and it is further from a solution than it was on the first day. The miners have offered to negotiate—but they will not discuss wages, hours, or the substitution of district for national agreements; the owners prefer not to discuss anything, but especially not wages or hours or the substitution of national for district agreements. The owners claim that the men are returning to work in droves, that plenty of coal is being mined, that plenty of coal is being imported, that nobody needs coal anyway, that the country is getting along very well without the miners, and that the miners are on the point of capitulating to every one of the owners' demands. Mr. Cook insists that only 2 per cent of the miners have returned to work; that in the face of grinding hunger and the approach of winter the men are as grimly determined as ever to make this a fight to the finish. Over all this intransigence the Government clucks like a frightened hen. Mr. Baldwin makes proposals; in his absence Mr. Churchill makes proposals. These proposals all begin with the plea to both sides to "get around a table again and discuss matters"; they have nothing to say about reorganization of the industry. Discussion; words; gestures—that is all the Government has to suggest. While the talk flows, miners' children starve; if their fathers were to go back to work on the old wage they would starve only a little less painfully.

POLAND WON the semi-permanent seat on the League Council which was the price of her assent to Germany's election as a permanent member of the Council. The other nations elected were China, Colombia, Salvador, Chile, Holland, Rumania, Czecho-Slovakia, and Belgium. With all her satellites on the Council France is thus stronger at Geneva than ever before. Meanwhile, as an episode in the new reconciliation, the French and German foreign ministers evaded the newspapermen and had a long, comfortable, private pow-wow. All sorts of hints of vast peace plans have since been dropped. Germany, it appears, is ready to market some billion dollars' worth of Dawes railway bonds, 52 per cent of which would go to France, if France will agree to evacuate the Saar, end military control of the Rhineland, and consent to return Eupen and Malmedy. This may well be the outcome of the mysterious travels of Messrs. Mellon, Morgan, Strong, and Norman, for of course the bonds can be sold only through British and American banks. The plan would release immediate credit for France; and the new industrial energy stimulated by evacuation of the Rhineland might compensate for the extra burden laid on Germany. There, of course, is the crux of the matter: Germany is today prosperous at the top, but how much more grinding can her workers stand?

WITH ADMIRABLE RESTRAINT the French have refused to be stampeded by Mussolini's threats and blustering against them. "The land of France, for whose safety some of our 500,000 war dead fell, has been for years the most hospitable land for all those hatching in their perfidious hearts hatred against Italy"; this is the gist of "orders" issued to the Fascist Party by the incorrigible head of Italy's Government. He is like a small boy calling his neighbors names, sticking out his tongue at them over

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the back fence. If his neighbors have so far gone quietly about their business, ignoring these outbursts as the outbursts of bad boys ought to be ignored, there is no reason to suppose that this moderation will last forever. The small boy, in time, receives a proper tanning; if his parents are wise, they do the chastising themselves without waiting for the neighbors. But there is no indication that Italy is wise. Instead Mussolini is permitted to go his way. The Capital Punishment Bill is his latest contribution to good government; Italy earned the approbation of intelligent persons when capital punishment was abolished. Mussolini is restoring it—for attempting the life of the King or the head of the government, for revolt against the state, for grave personal crimes—and for those persons conspiring against the welfare of the country. This last covers a multitude of sins, but it may be summed up in one word: for anti-Fascists.

JESSE SMITH, the omnipotent, omniscient Jesse Smith, is again the pivot on which the trial of Harry M. Daugherty for fraudulent conspiracy turns. Never was a suicide more ill-timed than that of Jesse Smith. He had the run of the Department of Justice; he hired and fired without consulting with anybody; he was the god from the machine operating only on an expense account; he lived in the same house with the Attorney General—officials of the Department of Justice have testified to all of these things; and then at the critical moment, when he might have testified, when his word might have saved or damned his friend, he put himself beyond the reach of cross-examination. District Attorney Buckner is attempting, in the present trial of Mr. Daugherty and Colonel Miller, to prove that Daugherty and Jesse Smith came to New York while the claim of the Swiss Metal Company for securities worth $7,000,000 was at stake; he has tried to prove that $25,000 of the retainer of $50,000 paid by Richard Merton to John T. King went as a check to Jesse Smith, that Merton was introduced by King not only to Colonel Miller, Alien Property Custodian, but to Jesse Smith, confidant of the Attorney General. Mr. Buckner also has presented testimony to show that Colonel Miller, while traveling in Pennsylvania, was advised by his secretary of the progress being made by the Swiss claim—and by that claim alone; and finally that Mr. Merton's papers were passed on from the Alien Property Custodian's office to the Attorney General for approval and the claim was settled in three days—surely a record for government settlement of anything!

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE and Secretary Hoover have been filling the papers with their tender concern for the safety and well-being of our rubber industry. The President's attitude was announced after a visit to his summer camp by Harvey Firestone, who told him of the advantages to be derived from large-scale exploitation of Philippine lands for rubber-growing. Mr. Firestone, one gathered, was struggling to make ends meet and without the Philippine rubber land he might go under. Now, as a matter of fact, the net profits of the Firestone Tire and Rubber Company for its last fiscal year were more than a million dollars a month. In 1923 its net was a little more than $6,000,000; in 1925 it was $12,800,000. The B. F. Goodrich Company also showed net profits last year well above a million a month. The Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company had net profits for the year of thirteen and a half millions, while the United States Rubber Company topped the list with the eye-filling net of $17,310,000. It is on behalf of such puny and struggling enterprises that Mr. Hoover raises his whine about foreign monopolies against the United States, arch-monopolist. In the last three years the profits of the rubber-manufacturing industry in this country have doubled. Must Filipinos be deprived of their promised freedom in order to fatten this giant further?

WE NOTE WITH PLEASURE that the councils of the American Legion are no longer unanimous in regard to the proposed reunion in Paris. The reason given by the opponents of the plan—French discourtesy toward Americans—is perhaps not of the best, but anything which will prevent the descent of a mob of American revelers upon the already long-suffering Parisians is good enough for the purpose. We do not mean to assert that the members of the Legion are worse than the members of any other miscellaneous group. Their convention will doubtless be no more objectionable than a convention of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks or the United Brotherhood of Underwear Salesmen, but there is no particular reason why this sort of thing—annoying enough to us, who are used to it—should be inflicted upon the French, who are already convinced that Americans are by nature as raucous, rowdy, and absurd as the jollifications which accompany our popular conventions are. If the Legion goes to Paris it will go with a whoop. Its members, off for a holiday and full of the vulgar American idea that Paris is the place where one may do all the things one may not do at home, will be as welcome there as a victorious football team would be at a League of Nations convention at Geneva. Parisians will not be flattered even by the things which are intended as compliments, and if there is one left who still refuses to believe that all Americans are noisy vulgarians a Legion convention will convert him.

THE BODY OF GEORGE VLIDO, a king of the gipsies, has been buried at Trenton, New Jersey, in much the same way that any Christian body would be buried. But last week it lay in state as Romany clay should lie—in a mahogany coffin in a royal tent in a vacant lot somewhere along Rockaway Avenue, Brooklyn. There was nothing unfitting about a vacant lot. Gipsies traditionally die along country lanes, and, if they are kings, wait in pleasant fields to be put away. These days, however, gipsies—in America at any rate—grow fond of populous cities; their lanes are avenues, and their groves are blocks of brick. Their landscape is lined with chimneys, their air is full of smoke. And still their way is their own. Closed within an immemorial world they still walk on—or drive in Fords—through an alien universe the extent and character of which they neither know nor care to learn. The rows of flats and small shops which ran around this vacant lot in Brooklyn might just as well have been rows of trees; the curious persons who crowded up to the tent, and were resented, might just as well have been curious bipeds come out of the forest to gaze in wonder at the first men. The trip to Trenton was through a human landscape, but one that may still have seemed wholly impersonal to those who conducted the body of King George. King George is dead, and his son George will take his place. Who in America knows the age of this line? Who can count back to the first George? Who can recite the new one's royal duties? No man knows, and no stone either.

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Spokesman, What of the Night?

ONE MILLION TWO HUNDRED AND NINE THOUSAND SEVEN HUNDRED AND THIRTY-NINE words, a proud telegraph company announced on September 5, had been sent to the newspapers from the President's Adirondack camp. They told what the President was understood to believe, what "official circles" reported, and, most particularly, what the "Presidential spokesman" said the President believed. The sophisticated world knows that the Presidential Spokesman is the President himself. He calls the correspondents into conference and answers their questions. They must not quote him, but they may paraphrase his remarks. Sometimes he mumbles and they cannot hear him well; they have to do the best they can. There was a time when a stenographic record of the sessions was kept. But one day the Spokesman's statements as quoted in the newspapers made trouble; President Coolidge denied that he had said anything of the sort; the indignant correspondents proved by the stenogram that they had cited accurately—and the President, to save his face in future, ordered that no record be kept. And now, day after day, week after week, the President launches millions of words of trial balloons, and the correspondents bear the burden. If the venture goes well, it was accurately reported; if not, the statement was "unauthorized," "inaccurate," "due to faulty reporting." The system is an insult to public intelligence and to the newspaper profession.

A truly independent press would as a body refuse its continued collaboration in this kind of backstairs Presidential oratory; an alert public would demand that the President say what he had to say openly. Sometimes one cannot tell whether the President's ideas wander over the landscape to such an extent that no man could make his words consistent with one another or the correspondents are guilty of incredibly bad reporting. Recently a band of American tourists shepherded by Sherwood Eddy, late of the Y. M. C. A., returning from Moscow were reported to believe "that this country should recognize the Russian Government." The newspapers at once made of the tourists a "commission" and of their first casual utterance a "report." The wires hummed, the correspondents foregathered, and—presumably—the Spokesman spoke. With the following results—all in one day:

The Associated Press

PAUL SMITH'S, N. Y., Sept. 14.—Indications were given today at the summer White House that the Washington Government would give no special attention to the report of the Sherwood Eddy commission favoring recognition of the Soviet Government. . . . President Coolidge understands, it was said, that the commission . . . has no more, if as much, information on conditions there as has the State Department. There was no indication that the position of the President has changed.

The United Press

PAUL SMITH'S, N. Y., Sept. 14.—Whenever Russia is willing to honor the loans made by the United States to the Kerensky Government the way will be quickly opened for negotiations looking to recognition by this Government. This is the reaction here to the report of the unofficial commission headed by Sherwood Eddy of the Y. M. C. A. . . . The American position toward Soviet Russia has been widely misunderstood. Originally . . . there was objection to the Soviet form of proletarian dictatorship, in addition to the debt question. . . . But gradually the emphasis shifted from the attack on the Soviet form of government to the question of debt repudiation. Internally the Soviet Government is solidly intrenched, according to information here. This Government, however, will not yield in its insistence that the debts be honored, although liberal terms of payment would be granted. . . . Coolidge has been more sympathetic to Borah's position on this question than is generally known.

The New York Times

PAUL SMITH'S, N. Y., Sept. 13.—The Administration's attitude toward the recognition of Russia has not been modified as a result of the report of the commission headed by Dr. Sherwood Eddy. . . . President Coolidge stated his attitude on Russia in a conference with newspapermen late in 1923. . . . These statements are just as true today as when they were uttered, according to officials here. . . . It was also asserted that American business men who have had big enterprises in Russia are opposed to recognition of Russia until the latter's form of government changes. . . . They do not want to do business with Russia directly while the Soviet system exists.

The Universal Service

PAUL SMITH'S, N. Y., Sept. 13.—A gentler tone toward Russia in the future by the Coolidge Administration was seen today as one of the results of the Sherwood Eddy commission's recommendation of recognition. . . . President Coolidge, having inherited the Hughes policy of alarm, has for two years watched developments there with growing interest. . . . Russia is today doing vastly more business with the United States than under the pre-war regime of the czars. . . . National business leaders . . . complained to the State Department that the absence of even trade relations with Russia has added tremendously to the cost of doing business. . . . They complained that Germany and England were acquiring profitable business which otherwise would fall to the United States.

The New York World

WHITE PINE CAMP, N. Y., Sept. 13.—President Coolidge is expected to review his position on recognition of Russia as a result of findings by the Sherwood Eddy commission. . . . It is not believed the report will lead to any immediate change in policy, although it has been felt for some time that the President was moving in the direction of recognition.

The New York Evening Post

PAUL SMITH'S, N. Y., Sept. 14.—Mr. Coolidge has not yet received the report of the Sherwood Eddy commission. . . . The Administration is interested in the findings of such a representative and able body of men . . . but Mr. Coolidge's position . . . has not changed. . . . The Eddy report may result in a softer attitude toward Russia, although the State Department still stands pat on the Hughes principles.

There you have it—clear as mud. The President is opposed to recognition; he is moving toward recognition. The report will have no effect; it will cause the President to review his position. The President's position was clearly stated three years ago; it is widely misunderstood. It is unchanged, and it has considerably changed. The President supports the Hughes policy; he is more sympathetic to Borah's position. The President will pay no attention to the Eddy report because the State Department knows it all; the Administration is interested in the findings of such

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representative and able men. American business men are opposed to recognition and refuse to trade directly with Soviet Russia; American trade with Soviet Russia has grown enormously and national business leaders complain that non-recognition cuts into their profits. The State Department stands pat on Hughes's principles; the policy has shifted since the days of Hughes. The report will have no result because the Administration will not yield; the report may result in a softer attitude and a gentler tone, a mere nod from Moscow may quickly bring negotiations. . . . Well, anyhow, the President has not seen the report.

And so it goes. The identity of the Spokesman, whether he be "Mr. Paul Smith" or the Man in the Iron Mask, is unimportant. What did he say?

The Greatest *Newspaper* in the World

THE New York *Times* has been celebrating its seventy-fifth birthday, and it has a right to be proud, for it has become, under Adolph S. Ochs, the greatest *news*paper in the world. The criticism which *The Nation* and others have heaped upon it is in a measure a tribute, for it has made itself the standard by which news-gathering is judged. As a record of current history it might be but it is not surpassed. There are newspapers in Japan and France and Great Britain, and tabloids in America, with twice or three times its circulation, but these journals of vast distribution are today amusement-sheets rather than chronicles of the world, and in its chosen field the New York *Times* has risen steadily to the top. The London *Times*, which was once indispensable to men who watched history boiling in far-off corners of the earth, has fallen sadly; the *Manchester Guardian*, a greater force as a maker of world opinion, can hardly compete with the New York *Times's* world-wide telegraphic news service; and no other American newspaper begins to rival it in amount or quality of daily news. It "covers" the world.

For this preeminence Mr. Ochs, whose genius has also given it its present financial impregnability, is largely responsible. He has hired able executives and given them responsibility. He has made his motto "All the news that's fit to print," and within his lights he has usually lived up to it. But this makes the *Times* something outside the great tradition of journalism. Mr. Ochs believes in journalistic impersonality; he features no names; his idea of a good book review seems to be a hack summary which expresses no opinion and gives no judgment upon an author's impartiality or success. A good editorial, by the same test, is rather a summary of the background of the daily news than a penetrating analysis or a call to action. The *Times*, by its own theory, does not attempt to mold history; it pleads no cause and wages no war; it simply reports. The result is that although able men have collaborated in it the *Times's* editorial page is one of the dullest and most wabbling in America. Dull, because it never knows the passion of an ideal; wabbling, because after a period of impartiality any crisis is sure to find it upon the side of the possessing classes. When the coal strike of 1925 was in the offing the *Times* printed as editorials excellent analyses of the chaos which made industrial conflict inevitable; when the strike arrived, it forgot its own wisdom and poured denunciation upon the miners alone. In the 1919 steel strike it was one of the most impassioned Red-hunters; during the war its unfairness to dissenters of every description was notorious. Mr. Ochs's pledge to "invite intelligent discussion from all shades of opinion" went by the board. In any crisis of world moment it can be counted upon to abandon neutrality and expose itself as at heart an organ of property. A paper has a right to be impersonal and conservative, but not to claim impartiality at the same time.

Nor does the *Times* always reach its goal of impartiality in its news columns. Again and again its dispatches from Paris, Berlin, and Geneva have plainly been molded by editorial policy—sometimes only its policy of printing several accounts of the same events has saved it from the mistakes into which its zealous correspondents would have carried it. Its Russian news was for years a paragon of misinformation, a hodgepodge of rumors from all the refugee capitals of Europe and Asia. That has, in response to criticism, been corrected—today, with Walter Duranty as its Moscow correspondent, the *Times* has the most reliable Russian news printed in any American daily paper. And in China, which is today, perhaps, the world's chief source of fantastic fables, it has in Thomas F. Millard a singularly penetrating recorder of national moods. Its Philippine news is still a reflection of the mood of the small American community in Manila, and at home the *Times* seldom of its own initiative discovers that there is a labor side of a strike, although it is readier than other papers to print press releases sent to it by minority or opposition groups.

It is encouraging that such a paper as the *Times* has forged steadily ahead at the same time that the tabloids are discovering new depths of emotional sensationalism. But just as the "clean" character of its news gives perhaps a false picture of the world in 1926 so its "impartial" political and economic news is distorted. It reflects the rule of America by Big Business, accurately, uncritically, unpenetratingly. There is still a place in journalism for something more.

The House on the Prairie

AMY LOWELL, rather desperately defending her aristocratic contentment with the traditions and establishments of the East, once spoke to this effect: "I, too, have traveled through the Middle West. I have read the novels and poems which come out of Chicago and the flat farms along the Mississippi Valley. I have tried to like that country. And I am forced to declare it hideous. The little towns I saw from the train depressed me terribly, they were so disordered and dull; in one of those meaningless farmhouses I am sure I could never take a breath, let alone compose a line." The bard of Brookline was perhaps the last person in the world to speak with authority upon the inner qualities of Edgar Lee Masters's land, or George Ade's, or Theodore Dreiser's, or Carl Sandburg's, or Vachel Lindsay's, or Willa Cather's, or Sherwood Anderson's. Yet none of her hearers could deny that her taste in externals was good; none but was forced to admit that something out there required defending.

The most affectionate son of the Middle West, returning by motor or train from, say, the pleasant places of

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New England, confesses to a bit of disappointment as he surveys the dwellings of his favorite folk in field and village. The larger towns and the cities are much like others in the modern world. Tall, square hotels rise in standard elegance from the edges of asphalt streets, and suburban avenues are lined with stucco, brick, or clapboard creations which in many cases are respectable even if they are not by any definition original. But out in the country our returning son rubs his eyes. He had not remembered that most of the houses there looked too small for their purposes, as now indeed they do. He had supposed, too, that they were built of sufficiently good material, like the hearts of his countrymen. Now he sees that the material was in many cases sadly skimped. The weatherboarding is thin, the porches frail; and the whole structure has a lamentably temporary air. The paint—too seldom white—never got its last and finishing coat; its color, never pleasing, has grown lusterless and drab. As to design, that is almost invariably absent. The façade, the gables, the windows and doors do not complement one another as expressions of an idea; nor is there an idea in any one of these things by itself. The lines are without significance. Dormers are where no dormers should be; a tall, thin gable rises out of a low mass; porches detach themselves from eaves and stand weakly, awkwardly; even when the controlling line is good the eye is likely to be disturbed by a cheap molding or other ornament that runs at cross purposes with the first idea; and the windows are pretty sure to stare blankly at the speeding train. The farm buildings, having all level space in which to dispose themselves, are uninterestingly grouped. Perhaps no trees have been planted. There are trees in the little towns, yet even they do not correct an impression of sprawling—an impression that the village only litters an otherwise ordered landscape.

The returning son is not disappointed in the landscape. There is not only grandeur but charm in flatness; and, of course, the flatness is nowhere unrelieved. Knolls rise here and there; streams wind slowly between rows of oaks and willows; groves of original hardwood, trimmed for cattle and sheep, cast heavy shadows on forty-acre fields of corn and grass. The prairies have always been beautiful, and in spite of what man can do they must remain so. Thus far, however, man has done little to improve them or to set them off. His houses do not fit in; his plantations have not been for the benefit of the eye. The returning son remembers New England, where the hills dominate the roofs and the roofs command the meadows; Maryland and Pennsylvania, where the habitations of farmers, a little stiffer and erecter, have something to say to the fences and trees; England, where man has literally created a landscape of his own; France, Spain, and Italy, where houses seem to grow out of plains and mountains as naturally as forests or wild flowers do. He remembers all these—letting his mind go out to Egypt with its white angles under the sun and to Arabia with its tents like shadows on the sand—and he wishes that his Middle West had not been filled so fast with people who had to have some kind of house, however cheap; that the first generation of builders out there had not practiced in the sickliest period American architecture has thus far known; that the frontier touch were gone; that the owners of Illinois or Indiana land still lived upon it and planned to make it look as if someone with pride lived there. He may not know the reason for his discontent; but he is discontented. How long, he wonders, will it be until the valley lives in style? An American style, of course, and a new one; but one about which books can be written, and one that there will be no doubt or shame about.

College or Country Club?

RECENTLY the colleges—particularly the Eastern ones—have been telling their troubles to the newspapers. Two things, it appears, are worrying them: first, the tendency of athletics to become the chief preoccupation of those youths who are sometimes ironically called "students" and, second, the fact that more people are clamoring for entrance than the colleges can possibly, for their own good, attempt to educate. Various criteria for selection, ranging all the way from the relative attractiveness of the candidates as revealed by their photographs and family trees to rigidly prepared psychological examinations, have been suggested but all have their defects. And yet the double dilemma is much like that which faced the legendary Pullman porter who discovered one morning that he had *two* pairs of mismated shoes: one need only put the two problems together to find the solution.

If, for example, Harvard really wishes a small and select group of students who are attracted only by the fame of her professors and the opportunities which she offers for the acquirement of learning and culture, then let her simply abolish intercollegiate athletics for four years by way of an experiment. No one can doubt that the immediate result would be the reduction of the freshman class to a manageable size, and no one can maintain that any hardship would be done. It is highly probable that there are many worthy students of unlovely feature and unimpressive ancestry; it is also highly probable that psychological tests do not furnish a perfect criterion of that complex of qualities which make the scholar or the genius; but no man who refuses an opportunity to go to college because he is denied the privilege of enjoying the hysterics induced by a cheer-leader can maintain that he is being denied his inalienable right to the development of his mind. And as to the sound mind in a sound body, there are other and more efficacious ways of cultivating it than are afforded by intercollegiate football.

The fact is that the colleges have brought their problem upon themselves and that they have no good excuse for complaint. They have themselves elaborated the social aspects of college life, they have deliberately made the universities as attractive as possible to those who have scant interest in things intellectual, and then they bemoan the fact that they are besieged by hordes of not very serious-minded youths. What, we wonder, do they expect, when they pay five times as much for a coach as for a professor and spend ten times as much for a stadium as for a laboratory? The game which one takes is bound to depend upon the bait which one uses, and a man who opened a golf course would not be surprised to find that those who came to play were not particularly interested in metaphysics. Obviously the way to attract a group of students capable of profiting by a college education is to run a college, not a country club, and we are willing to wager that at the present moment the classrooms and the faculties of American institutions are amply sufficient to give such an education to all who really want it.

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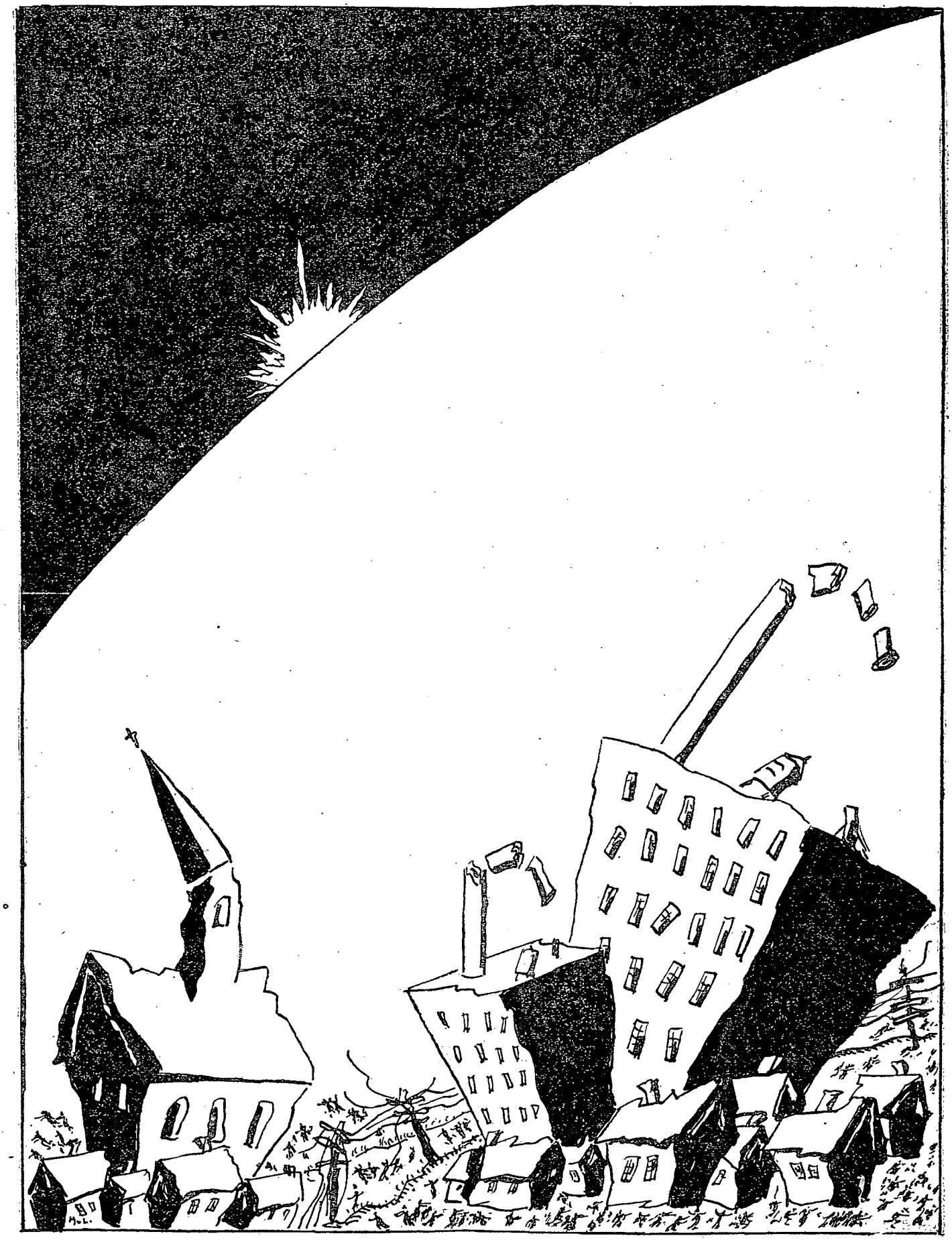

Drawn by Hendrik van Loon

The Birth of a New Idea

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George Washington—The Image and the Man

By W. E. WOODWARD*

I. Schoolboy and Swain

NOWADAYS men are morose with living in a world that has grown too large for them. Morose and bitter, or defiant and gay. One need not be a clairvoyant to detect a sense of foreboding beneath the exultation over what is called modern progress. We are the victims of our own inventions; we see civilization strangely shattering before the driving power that we hoped would save it.

* * * * *

The world into which young Washington came was very different. It was by no means too large. Henry Adams, with his instinct for compact phrases, calls it a "small and cheerful world"—but both its smallness and cheerfulness were relative. People were dissatisfied, as they have always been; but then they thought they were able to lay their hands on the things that made them unhappy. Life was almost devoid of theory. If they were without poetry, they were also without hopeless dilemmas. They were a practical people, the colonial Americans. They lived under conditions that made practicality a cardinal virtue.

Now, in this small and cheerful world we see the small Washington getting a small amount of education.

There was no regular school near Augustine Washington's home, or so it seems, and George at the age of six or seven was turned over to a Mr. Hobby, sexton of a nearby church, to receive whatever sluggish pothook instruction the sexton could give.

Mr. Hobby's business was not to teach people but to bury them; and he was without renown in the field of book-learning. No matter. In a primitive society queer shifts are made. A man may be at one and the same time a horse-shoer and a dentist.

To the sexton-teacher George goes, his horn-book in his hand, wearing buckles on his shoes and a little coat of the color of plum.

In this churchyard school he learned the alphabet and how to make crude, curly letters. No doubt he heard the rambling story of many a departed soul and spelled the mossy headstone names while the sexton mused on the fate of some poor country Yorick.

But there was no moody Hamlet in this boy. To him a dead man was a dead man; a house was a house; and a spade was a spade. He was firmly planted in the everyday practicality that makes nations and then ruins them. The imagination that breeds vice was not in him; nor was the imagination that breeds fear.

Pretty soon the sexton was dried up; he had taught all he knew; there was no more water in that well. George had acquired a sort of vague capacity to read, a little arithmetic, and the foundation of the fantastic system of spelling that bedeviled him to the end of his days. He was never able to get the i's and the e's right in such words as "ceiling"; he always wrote "blew" when he meant the color blue; lie was "lye"; and oil was "oyl" in his orthography.

Down in Westmoreland County, near the old home of the Washingtons, a Mr. Williams presided at a more generous fount of knowledge. There George was sent, and as the school was thirty miles or so from his father's home he lived with his half-brother Augustine—the one nicknamed "Austin"—who had grown up and had a home of his own in Westmoreland.

The colorless Mr. Williams, who exists to us only as a name, appears to have specialized in mathematics. It was he who taught George the round bold handwriting that makes Washington's letters so legible.

In the science of numbers he had an apt pupil in little George, who loved arithmetic as many another boy has loved Shelley. At his tongue's end were all the weights and measures—avoirdupois, pints and gallons, cords of wood, peck of peas, long division, subtraction. I doubt if we can find in history any other character of the first importance who had a passion for counting equal to that of George Washington. During his whole life he kept his eye on the *number* of things. Every penny he owned and every foot of land was set down, over and over again, in the most orderly and meticulous manner.

The enumeration of things seemed to afford an outlet for a sort of mental voluptuousness. At one time when he was managing five plantations and several hundred slaves he calculated laboriously the number of seed in a pound Troy weight of red clover, and found that a pound contained 71,000 seed. Then he calculated the seed in a pound of timothy, and learned that there were 298,000. Large numbers these, but he got into astronomical dimensions when he set out to calculate the number of seed in a pound of New River grass, and discovered the total to be 844,800.

There is also, in his handwriting, a memorandum giving the number of windows in each of the houses on the Mount Vernon estate, and the "no. of Paynes" in each window.

He was never too busy to spare the time to do this counting and measuring. In 1786 he measured the exact altitude of the piazza at Mount Vernon above the high-water mark of the river, and found it to be 124 feet 10½ inches.

These are the gestures of a man who loves material possessions with an intensity that is almost passionate. His counting was limited to the enumeration of the things he possessed or which might bear some tangible relation to his possessions. In his various enumerations, treasured in the archives, there is no list of authors or of historical events or of works of art.

I cannot find that he ever wrote out his ideas in logical sequence for his own guidance as Lincoln did, and as Jefferson did.

He was not an idea-man but a thing-man.

* * * * *

In the queer mess of human destiny the determining factor is Luck. For every important place in life there are many men of fairly equal capacities. Among them Luck decides who shall accomplish the great work, who shall be

* This is the first of three instalments from a forthcoming book, used through the courtesy of the author and the publishers, Boni and Liveright. Another instalment will be printed next week.

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crowned with laurel, and who shall fall back into obscurity and silence.

Ability counts in human affairs, but Luck counts too—and as one approaches the summit in any sphere of effort Luck counts more and more. The proverbial saying that there is plenty of room at the top is the reverse of the truth. There is never any room at the top, though there is plenty at the bottom. Men who reach the top arrive there through a linked-up series of fortuitous circumstances in which capacity and chance are combined.

The turning-points of lives are not the great moments. The real crises are often concealed in occurrences so trivial in appearance that they pass unobserved.

One of the important turning-points of George Washington's life was his meeting with Lord Fairfax. It is entirely probable that he did not realize its importance—at any rate, he never said anything to lead us to believe that he did—but we can see it clearly now, in historical perspective.

This nobleman, who was a bachelor and past the age of fifty when he met young Washington, possessed in Virginia an almost incredible estate of five million four hundred thousand acres. He owned more land than there is in the State of New Jersey. It was all in a single tract, in the Northern Neck of Virginia; twenty-one counties have been made of it. This is a larger area of land than has ever been owned by any individual before or since in the history of the United States.

* * * * *

He [George Washington] became a youthful favorite of Lord Fairfax, but who knows why? He could ride splendidly and shoot well. Lord Fairfax liked that. Fox-hunting occupied his time, and that of his neighbors, to an extent that is almost unbelievable. There were no theaters, no fashionable assemblies, no daily papers—and but few of any kind—no elegant shops, nothing to read, and nothing to do but play cards and hunt game.

Some one writes from Belvoir to Mount Vernon: "His Lordship proposed drawing Mudd Hole tomorrow, first killing a Fox; and then to turn down a Bagged Fox before your door for ye diversion of ye Ladys. . . . We took the Fox yesterday without Hurt."

Young George Washington was dependable, forthright, and honest. No doubt Lord Fairfax liked that, too, for he had come from a land of sinuous lickspittles where Mr. Snake would, before long, flourish in "The School for Scandal." And, moreover, young Washington said very little. He did not ask the keen and searching questions which make wealthy elderly gentlemen uneasy and wonder what the world is coming to.

At that time Washington was only sixteen, but he looked much older. He was about six feet tall, with gray-blue eyes and reddish-brown hair. His hands and feet were so large that they seemed enormous. Thirty years later Lafayette said that Washington's hands were "The largest I have ever seen on a human being."

George Washington Parke Custis, his adopted son, describes his walk in this marvelous sentence: "His lower limbs, being formed methodically straight, he walked, as it were, on parallel lines."

The noble Fairfax thought the time was ripe to have his land surveyed and his titles put in order. It was high time, indeed. Farmers were coming down from Pennsylvania and settling in the Fairfax wilderness, without rhyme or reason, as bold as you please, just as if the land were not already owned by somebody else.

He gave the job of surveying the lands behind the Blue Ridge—in the Shenandoah Valley—to his relative, young George William Fairfax (son of the William of Belvoir), who was assisted by George Washington and an experienced surveyor named Mr. Genn. This is, I think, the first opportunity that George had ever had of making any money. The pay he received was large—at least so it seems to me—for he says in a letter about the job that "A Dubbleloon is my constant gain every Day that the weather will permit my going out and sometimes Six Pistoles." At that time a doubloon was the equivalent of about $7.20; and a pistole was worth $3.60; approximately.

* * * * *

Early in life Washington began to fumble with love. It was really fumbling, for he was never at ease in the technique of love and love-making. Like the art of swimming, the art of love is one of the simplest arts within human range, if one understands it. On the other hand, when it is not understood the course of love runs through a foot-tripping labyrinth in which strange, insuperable obstacles appear. Washington, I think, always found it something of a mystery.

In the presence of women he would often lose his simple forthright manner and turn himself into a pompous and mouthy sentimentalist—or else remain spellbound and silent.

My impression is that he idealized women; and most women, in their hearts, detest idealization. With good reason, too, for it puts them in a very uncomfortable position. To live every day on a plane of lofty and rather ethereal ideals is a discouraging outlook for a woman of spirit and sense, especially when the ideals have been invented by a man.

The idealization of women is one of the well-known traits of highly masculine men. They do not understand feminine thought and feeling. To them women are strange beings of a superior order. Washington was intensely masculine.

In 1748, about the time of the Fairfax surveying expedition, he wrote to somebody whom he calls "Dear Robin" about an amatory experience of his own. The affair is hazily anonymous, unfortunately. A draft of the letter is in the notebook which he used to record his survey of the Fairfax estate. As it is quite lengthy and deals with other matters, I shall quote only a pertinent extract:

> My place of Residence is at present at His Lordships* where I might was my heart disengaged pass my time very pleasantly as theres a very agreeable Young Lady Lives in the same house (Colo George Fairfax's Wife's Sister) but as thats only adding Fuel to fire it makes me the more uneasy for by often and unavoidably being in Company with her revives my former Passion for your Low Land Beauty whereas was I to live more retired from young Women I might in some measure eliviate my sorrows by burying that chast and troublesome Passion in the grave of oblivion or etarnall forgetfulness for as I am very well assured thats the only antidote or remedy that I shall be relieved by or only recess that can administer any cure or help to me as I am well convinced was I ever to attempt any thing I should only get a denial which would be only adding grief to uneasiness.

* He means Lord Thomas Fairfax.—[Author's note.]

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This "Low Land Beauty" has become as famous among the biographers of Washington as the Man in the Iron Mask is among French historians. She has been identified at haphazard with half a dozen young women of Westmoreland—among them Mary Bland, Lucy Grymes, and Betsy Fauntleroy. (She could not have been Miss Fauntleroy, as that lady was only a child of eleven in 1748.)

The most convincing conjecture is that the Lowland beauty was Miss Lucy Grymes, who afterward married Henry Lee and became the grandmother of General Robert E. Lee.

Whoever she may have been, it is evident that she had left our hero in a state of despair. There is an air of impending deliquescence in his utterance. He is about to melt away. He is through with women—at sixteen. All is vanity; all is ashes,

> Whereas was I to live more retired from young Women I might in some measure eliviate my sorrows by burying that chast and troublesome Passion in the grave of oblivion or etarnall forgetfulness.

What mooning and moping! But such maladies soon run their course. The remedy for woman is woman. Strange ailment, strange remedy.

In the same notebook that records his desolation we find, a few pages further on, this cryptic entry:

> 'Twas Perfect Love before } s. Young M. A. his Wife
> But Now I do adore }

It would appear from this sentimental note that he was adoring somebody's wife. Young M. A.'s wife.

Then we come to an acrostic in George's handwriting. Here it is:

> From your bright sparkling Eyes I was undone;
> Rays, you have; more transparent than the Sun,
> Amidst its glory in the rising Day
> None can you equal in your bright array;
> Constant in your calm and unspotted Mind;
> Equal to all, but will to none Prove kind,
> So knowing, seldom one so Young, you'l Find.
>
> Ah! woe's me, that I should Love and conceal
> Long have I wish'd, but never dare reveal,
> Even though severely Loves Pains I feel;
> Xerxes that great, was't free from Cupids Dart,
> And all the greatest Heroes, felt the smart.

You will observe that the acrostic spells "Frances Alexa—" obviously Frances Alexander. She has not been identified. The Alexanders were numerous in colonial Virginia. The next page of the notebook has been torn out, so that the last lines of the acrostic are missing.

It would be as absurd to lay much stress on these fragments as it would be to reconstruct an unknown prehistoric animal from a single bone. All that they can prove is that he was thinking of love, and that he was a young man of some little experience in such matters.

Although we know very little with certainty as to Washington's relations with women, there are some facts which we know very well. One of them is that he was never obsessed by them. He never had an overwhelming love affair. In his history there is neither a Josephine nor a Beatrice. He never took his opinions from any woman, and never went out of his way to fashion his life to make it fit any woman's conception.

However, there was one who stood large in his young life. . . .

I have mentioned a George William Fairfax who accompanied Washington on the surveying trip. He was the son of William Fairfax of Belvoir, and Lawrence Washington had married his sister. On the survey he was as lovelorn as Washington, but the result was more happy, for on his return he married Miss Sally Cary, the eldest daughter of Colonel William Cary.

Washington spent most of the winter of 1749 at Belvoir, as a guest of Young Fairfax and his wife. Persons in the vicinity who were skilled in predicting and recording emotional disturbances mentioned the occurrence at that time of numerous perturbations at Belvoir. These seismic emotions were slight, hardly worth setting down in the larger annals, but sufficiently thrilling nevertheless to warrant local attention.

Naive folk declared that young Washington was in love with Mary Cary. This young lady is mentioned in the letter to "Dear Robin"—quoted above—as staying at Lord Fairfax's house.

Alas! It was not to Miss Mary that he had given his affection, but to her married sister, Mrs. Sally Fairfax, his friend's wife. It was then all in germination, awaiting the flow of days and too nebulous to be placed in a definite category. But we shall hear of it later, with the passing of years.

It was in this period that he had another experience with girls which was dramatic enough, but not at all sentimental. One day he was taking a swim in the Rappahannock and two girls of low degree ran off with his clothes.

Only fancy! The Father of our Country standing by the river's brink in the golden sunset clad only in humorless dignity—for, although he had plenty of dignity he never had any humor—clothed in dignity, and wondering how to get home.

Eventually he got home somehow, and had the girls arrested. One of them was convicted of theft and was punished with fifteen lashes on her bare back.

* * * * *

If he was precocious in love, he was also precocious in land, and of the two passions the desire for land was the stronger.

In 1748 this boy of sixteen acquired his "Bullskin Plantation"—so named because of its proximity to Bullskin Creek. The place consisted of five hundred and fifty acres of wild land in Frederick County. He paid for it by doing work as a surveyor.

In 1750 he bought four hundred and fifty-six acres of one McCracken; a cultivated farm probably, as he paid one hundred and twelve pounds for it, which would have been a very high price for uncleared land.

Two years later he bought five hundred and fifty-two acres more, paying a hundred and fifteen pounds. Before he was twenty-one years of age he was the owner of 1,558 acres, all of which he had obtained by his own efforts.

The money for these purchases was earned by him as a surveyor. In 1748 he was recommended by Lord Fairfax for the post of official surveyor of Culpeper County, and was appointed after he had gone down to Williamsburg to take a sort of post-graduate course in the art and mystery of measurement. The county records of Virginia contain hundreds of his surveys, all drawn and annotated in his neat, clear manner.

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Eliot: Iconoclast and Builder

By GLENN FRANK

THE NATION has asked me to speak of Dr. Eliot presumably because I am a very recent recruit in the ranks of university presidents and might be expected to speak in terms of a first fresh contact with an educational system and situation upon which this great gray savant, more than any other American of the last half century, left the mark of his mind.

My only personal contact with Dr. Eliot was confined to a few letters, written in his precise longhand, that still lie in my files. Something of the Olympian sweep of his spirit crept even into these letters. Despite his apparent austerity and aloofness he could precipitate a deal of human warmth and power on the white paper of a letter. So that, despite my casual and tenuous contact with him, I feel that I knew him. But I shall not undertake to recapture in this brief paper the strength and savor of his personality. That may be safely left to pens dipped in a devotion more intimate and informed by a knowledge more personal than mine. I shall speak of him impersonally as an idea, a force, a symbol of a definitive epoch in the evolution of liberal education in the United States.

I cannot, however, turn to this impersonal task without venturing the opinion that one quality, more than any other, marked him off from some, at least, of his contemporaries. Dr. Eliot possessed transcendent and triumphant courage. He never soiled his soul with idolatry before the traditions either of his class or of his calling. In a profession—the university presidency—that makes for timidity and trimming, Dr. Eliot remained an executive who was not afraid to differ from his directors when necessary. He was great enough to be more interested in the progress of his purpose than in the permanence of his position.

I have sometimes thought that no man should accept the presidency of a university unless he could feel his freedom guaranteed by either of two things—an unbreakable courage or assured economic independence of his job. No man should be a university president who wants to be a university president. The call to compliance is too insidious to be resisted by the man who needs the job or is wedded to it for his own sake. No man is spiritually fitted to head a great American university, such as Dr. Eliot administered, unless he could surrender his presidency on twenty-four hours' notice without a pang rather than surrender either to alien interests or to academic inertia. I am sure that, at any moment, Dr. Eliot would have resigned from the presidency of Harvard before he would have sold out to a tradition or submitted to a demand that his intelligence had indicted.

Dr. Eliot was the ideal democrat because he was the ideal aristocrat. He put his superiority of mind and character unreservedly at the disposal of the nation. His aristocracy was an aristocracy of social power rather than an aristocracy of social position. Born into the charmed and charming circle of New England's social aristocracy, he was a member of it, but not a minion of it. He kept his mind free from automatic conformity to the dominant political, social, and economic ideas of his class. He was a modern representative of the ancient Greek conception of an aristocrat as a man deserving high honor because he had done some socially essential job in a superior manner.

Dr. Eliot was an apostle of the disinterested love of excellent performance dedicated to the service of the commonwealth. In short, he was the aristo-democrat who foreshadowed that scientific democracy which must, sooner or later, supersede that sentimental democracy which so often casts its vote for bad English and baggy trousers in preference to utilizing a leadership that is wise enough and courageous enough to differ from it when necessary.

But I am doing the thing I said I would not do—I am speaking about Dr. Eliot as a person. I promised to speak of him as a symbol of a definitive epoch in the evolution of liberal education in the United States. This I will do by presenting, in the barest and briefest outline, a few considerations that must, as I see it, enter into any realistic attempt to "place" Dr. Eliot in the history of liberal education.

We must, I think, clearly distinguish between the influence Dr. Eliot exerted upon the college of liberal arts in particular and the influence he exerted upon the university in general. The influence he exerted upon the graduate and professional schools of the American university will stand as a permanently valuable contribution of educational statesmanship. His influence upon the development of the American college of liberal arts, on the other hand, will, in my judgment, ultimately be considered as having been temporary. With respect to university policy, he was a statesman for the future. With respect to college policy, he was the courageous pilot of a transition.

Along with Gilman and others, he brought to the development of graduate and professional schools that extensive scope of material and that intensive specialization of method that must always distinguish the graduate and professional schools from the college of liberal arts, in which the objective is the general enrichment and discipline of the intellectual, aesthetic, and moral capacities of the student. Dr. Eliot's contribution to university policy is, I think, unquestioned; I shall therefore leave it undiscussed.

I want merely to suggest a point of view respecting Dr. Eliot's influence upon the American college of liberal arts. When, as a lad of thirty-five, Dr. Eliot assumed directive responsibilities in American education, he found the subjects of the college curriculum few and required. When, as an elder statesman of seventy-five, he ended his career as an active administrator, the subjects of the college curriculum were many and elective. He found the college curriculum standing, like a walled city, with most of the creative intellectual activity of the time going on outside its walls among the natural scientists. He made a breach in the walls and asked the scientists in. The many new subjects introduced into the curriculum were, for a time, sniffed at by the old subjects. They were the *nouveaux riches* of the academic world. Greek, Latin, and mathematics, the aristocrats of the curriculum, were not happy over having to associate with such social climbers as modern languages, modern sciences, and the like. But finally the new inclu-

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siveness won the day over the old-fashioned exclusiveness.

This was an epoch-making service. Somebody had to break the shell of the self-satisfied and inadequate curriculum of the old college. I do not mean to say that Dr. Eliot did all this single-handed. He was as much creature as creator of the movement for variety and freedom in college studies, but he played his part with such boldness and decision that for all time this epoch in college evolution will be named after him. It is casting no slight upon Dr. Eliot's statesmanship to say that certain unhappy results have followed his college reforms. He did the thing that was needed at the time. Progress follows not a straight line but a zigzag course. It was better that Dr. Eliot should swing the pendulum to an extreme rather than leave it at a dead center. His chief service to the American college was that he broke up its old curriculum. I doubt that his building of a new curriculum will fare as well at the hands of the historians of American education.

The policies of the utmost variety of subject matter in the curriculum and of the utmost freedom of election by students have not panned out according to the promises of their promoters. There is no automatic wisdom to guide students to a wise choice of studies. As I have said elsewhere, and as many others have said, the system of extreme elective freedom and extreme variety of subject matter has placed the immature student in the position of a child, ignorant of food values and the chemistry of food combinations, faced with the problem of selecting a nutritious and well-balanced meal from the bewildering offerings of a cafeteria. In both cases the result is likely to be indigestion, if not something more serious. Following the application of the principles of variety and freedom, we have reached a point at which we find ourselves citizens of an intellectual world broken into fragments. In the modern college we are suffering from a suicidal specialization by teachers and a suicidal smattering by students.

The pendulum must swing back. The danger is that it will swing back to an artificial synthesis of modern knowledge. There is a vast deal of synthesis and correlation that can be done and should be done by educational leadership. But it may be doubted that it is within our power to effect any formal and comprehensive synthesis of the whole of modern knowledge. We are already crowding too much into the college curriculum. If we try to get away from the smattering and inconsecutiveness that have resulted from the extreme variety and extreme freedom of the Eliot era by attempting to base a new curriculum on a comprehensive new synthesis of knowledge, we may find that we are trying to confine the ocean in a tin cup. We do not want our colleges to become retail stores for conclusions, even the conclusions of our ablest scholars. We are facing the challenge of a post-Eliot period in the evolution of the American college. I venture to guess that this challenge can be answered only by some radically new approach to the process of liberal education. I believe that the curriculum as we know it must go. The strictly college education of the future must, in my judgment, be greatly simplified and informalized. We shall more and more get away from the study of established precepts and devote more time to the study of evolving processes. A hundred years from now I suspect that little will be left of the rigidly departmentalized college that teaches a variety of separate studies. But all this is another story for another time.

Dr. Eliot did valiant service in breaking up the old college; he did valiant service in building up the new university. Upon these two pillars his fame must ultimately rest.

At a Workers' Vacation Camp

By MICHAEL GOLD

WHEN I was a boy growing up among the stones and heat of the East Side no one that I can remember took a vacation. The rich Jews went to the Catskills, of course, and played pinochle and discussed operations on hotel porches; and workers who had contracted consumption in the clothing-shops went to sanitariums. There were also the long heart-breaking spells of unemployment, but these were not times of joy and relaxation.

No, no worker not actually dying ever dreamed of taking a real vacation. I myself never passed a single night in the country until I was nineteen years old; I was always working. My mother and father, twenty years in America, had never seen any greener, wilder places than the meadows in Bronx Park. My father earned about $12 a week, and had three children, which is the reason we never took a vacation. And the other Jews worked fifteen and eighteen hours a day in sweatshops, lived on bread-and-herring diets, and paled, sickened, and died piously, in the traditional Ghetto manner. No vacations.

Sometimes uplifters, settlement-house ladies, C. O. S. officials, and other foreigners made benevolent raids and carried off a few of us for vacations. But there were and are half a million Jews on the lower East Side, and the few hundreds who were thus uplifted helped little in the vital statistics. The babies went on dying, the men and women withered and decayed in the shops. And my mother longed incessantly for the country; she had been raised with flowers and cows under the blue sky of a Hungarian village; and my father and his friends spent long summer nights reminiscing about the peasants and the sweet, slow peasant life in the old country. But no one ever dreamed of escaping the city for a vacation; no, that was for the rich and for the deathly sick.

There has been a revolution on the lower East Side in the past decade. I am a young man, but I have witnessed a social miracle with my own eyes. The sweatshop, once the dark symbol of the utmost in proletarian degradation in this country, has become the source of the finest labor movement in America. There are now about 150,000 organized needle-trades workers in New York, and they are militant, high-spirited, and intelligent, the vanguard of every progressive movement in this country. They average better wages now than school-teachers, they have infinitely more democratic control of their jobs than have newspapermen, and they have built up a richer and intenser mass culture than that of bank presidents or Greenwich Villagers or even Theater Guild audiences. The Jewish workers have

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climbed at last from the Ghetto, and have cast off the sad, self-pitying, melancholy helplessness of the Ghetto, which many minor poets consider so spiritual, but which has been a curse to the Jews for centuries. Their revolution has taught them to be their own saviors. Among other things, they now take vacations.

I have just come back from two weeks spent at a cooperative camp run by and for Jewish workers. The left wing in the needle trades has built this camp, which is called Camp Nitgedaiget, meaning literally Camp No Worrying, or Camp Sans Souci. The camp is on the Hudson a few miles below Beacon, N. Y. It is a beautiful spot—a stretch of rolling earth in the midst of shaggy mountains by the noblest river of America. There are accommodations for seven hundred workers in tents. There is a great dining-room and meeting-hall, a club-house, an outdoor stage. It is not easy to feed and house seven hundred people, but the workers have learned to make things run smoothly. The camp is simple and rather primitive, but everyone is comfortable and happy.

No one can come to this camp who is a boss or who owns a business of any kind. But any wage earner, and this includes intellectual workers, can come at the low rate of fifteen dollars a week. He is given clean linen and two woolly blankets and can climb to his tent among the trees to rest until the camp gong brings him down for dinner. He can sleep. He can roam the hills. He can sing in the moonlight. He can swim, take sun-baths, listen to lectures, sing in the mass chorals, act in proletarian comedies, read in the library, talk, laugh, play games, go about all day in nothing but bathing trunks until his body is brown as a faun's.

At seven-thirty, when the mists are melting before the sun, the camp is waked by a wild Indian yelling and whistling. It is Yossel, the tanned athlete who is physical director, rousing the sleepy-heads. "Get up, you hounds! Jump into your clothes! It's healthy to be up early, it's nature!" This is one of the camp jokes; when someone stubs his toe on a rock or contracts poison ivy or is battered up in soccer the others console him by saying: "Never mind, it's nature." Yossel takes the sleepy needle-workers for twenty minutes of calisthenics, then for a plunge in the cold mountain pool between the rocks. Then to breakfast. After breakfast, baseball and other summer sports. Dinner, and more fun. Supper, and still more.

The meals are excellent—honest food, almost entirely vegetarian. All the milk you can drink, good eggs, butter, cheese, black bread, fresh fruits and greens, and Jewish dairy dishes. No coffee or tea, however, and no cakes, puddings, or other heavy desserts. A simple diet, but one builds muscle on it. And no scamping or profiteering in the kitchen—this is a cooperative, not a money-making, camp.

Yiddish is the prevailing language, though English breaks out at strange moments, and half of the lectures are in English. I cannot tell how queer and new it seems to an East Sider who has grown up with a kind of prejudice against Yiddish to hear and see a baseball game conducted in Yiddish. Yes, the needle-workers play baseball at their camp. Some of them even become good players. They don't know all the rules; they sometimes protest when they should rejoice after the umpire has called ball instead of strike; they sometimes run in a straight line to second instead of to first; but they throw themselves into the game with passion. Anyway, these strike pickets, these readers of Marx and Tolstoi and Lenin and Gorki play as joyously as sandlotters. The teams are made up of all ages and both sexes, girls and men and children, anyone who can learn to swat the ball. They play a rough game of soccer too; it is the second most popular game in the workers' camp.

And there is push-ball and basketball, all as unfamiliar to them as they would be to Chinese peasants. We Jews are an ancient race, but we are a young race, too, for we are just coming out of the Ghetto and wage slavery. This is the first generation of Jews that has begun to use its body again, has begun to fight, laugh, and sing as lustily as did the armies of David. It is a revolution that has taken place.

There are many superstitions about the different races—there is the superstition that the Negro is a clown; that Latins are treacherous. And Jews are said to be physical cowards. But in the swimming pool or at the sun-bathing field at the camp one can see heroic scars and wounds on many of these pale bodies, the souvenirs of hard-fought strikes in the workers' interest. Another superstition is that all Jews are money-mad; but at Camp Nitgedaiget I never heard a word on that American subject, money.

Every Friday night at a camp-fire assembly Nicholas Buchwald, the dramatic editor of the New York *Freiheit*, and Jacob Fenster, a young Yiddish poet who is working as waiter at the camp, read a burlesque weekly called the *Camp Yot*, or, in English, the *Camp Wise Cracker*. The fire throws a great yellow blaze, the dark sky curves over the dark mountains and river, and the seven hundred needle-workers sit in old camp togs on the hillside chuckling at the *Camp Yot*. Jewish humor is rough and direct, and everyone from the camp manager to the camp dogs comes in for a salutary drubbing.

After the *Camp Yot* is read, volunteer tenors and sopranos sing the folk-songs of Israel and of the working class. Once someone sang a group of Italian folk-songs. Another time two guests who were grand-opera singers rose and sang Verdi and Wagner. There are recitations, choruses, and improvised dialogues.

Jacob Schaefer is one of the leading writers of choral music in the country and conducts the Freiheit chorus of 600 voices, all of them Jewish workers. Next season they are to sing Alexander Blok's revolutionary poem, The Twelve, which Schaefer has composed as a dramatic modernist mass-choral. At the camp Schaefer takes a group of vacationists each week, improvises a play with them, and teaches them a few songs, the work lyrics of Abraham Raisin, Winchewsky, and other Yiddish folk-poets. There is a concert on Saturday night, where the work is performed for the other campers.

It is amazing how these workers respond to Schaefer's direction. They learn intricate four-part harmonies in this short week, they learn to modulate, to weave strange and thrilling effects. Once Schaefer, in less than a week, drilled sixty campers in a mass recitation, a most difficult technical job. It was a success; the whole audience was shouting with the mass-declaimers at the end; the hall was a throbbing, electric unity.

The Jewish workers are taking bigger things as they climb from the Ghetto, but I am glad that, with the rest, they have taken the vacation idea too.

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In the Driftway

FOR many hours the Drifter has watched his friend the Editor select manuscripts. With every mail they pour in, and if all of them were to be printed the Editor would publish each week a magazine as thick as the advertising section of the *Saturday Evening Post*. So he has to sift out what he can use and return what he cannot find place for. Each manuscript returned is accompanied by a little note of thanks, so the Drifter observed, and he determined to help the Editor in writing those little notes. His best effort so far has been a short letter, steeped in Oriental politeness:

EXALTED CHILD OF THE SUN:

Our insignificant paper has been honored by the receipt of a manuscript from your preeminent pen. Deeming ourselves unworthy to be the purveyors of your profound thought to the public, we herewith return your honorable manuscript, trusting that a medium fitting its surpassing virtues may be found. Words cannot convey the sense of honor and exhilaration we feel at having been singled out for the unusual distinction of reading it.

Gratefully and humbly we kiss your hand!

THE EDITOR

* * * * *

BUT this did not work. It was so ingratiating that the recipient at once sent in another manuscript and the Editor's troubles began all over again. Now the Drifter has another idea. It is a formula from across seas which the Drifter ventures to translate:

DEAR FRIEND:

We are returning your manuscript with many thanks, because

1. We are at present overloaded with materials.
2. We have in your city a steady correspondent to cover the subject.
3. We do not at present wish to enlarge our staff of correspondents.
4. Your article is too long for the space available in our paper.
5. Your article is no longer up to date.
6. Your article deals with a subject well known to our readers.
7. Your article covers a subject on which we have ordered an article from another writer.
8. Your article deals with a field in which we are well supplied with materials.
9. Your article is merely advertising.
10. Your article is written illegibly.
11. Your article does not fit present-day circumstances.
12. Your article does not agree with the policy of our paper.
13. Your article arrived too late.
14. Your article is not suited to our readers (a) because of its subject matter; (b) because of its manner of presentation.
15. Your article does not, in our opinion, consider sufficiently the demands of a paper both in make-up and manner of writing.
16. Your article is more suited to a magazine than a newspaper.
17. Your article would give offense to some of our readers (a) in a political; (b) in a moral; (c) in a religious way.

We ask you not to consider our rejection as implying any criticism of your work and to honor us in the future with your manuscripts. THE EDITOR

NOTHING could be more convenient and at the same time make a show of great thoroughness and exactness. The Drifter imagines the system working like this: Here comes a manuscript entitulated "Pre-Silurian Finglefangles." Numbers 6, 8, and 9. Another calls itself "Inspired Idiot or Irritable Genius?" Numbers 11, 12, and 17a. Another bears the title "Khufu, Khorsu, and Kuru." Numbers 1 to 8, 10 and 17c.

* * * * *

BUT one thing gives the Drifter pause. He fears that some day the Editor will forget to mark the pertinent numbers and a good friend of his will be overwhelmed with seventeen reasons why his article cannot be published—which would certainly be fatal. The Drifter therefore reconsiders his proposal. He will not help the Editor to a shortcut so pregnant with disaster. The Editor will have to walk safer, if more irksome, paths.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Meat-Eaters on Vacation

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Tomorrow I go to Geneva to observe Europe at the League; it is a pleasure to watch cats discussing the beauty of vegetarianism.

DHAN GHOPAL MUKERJI

Lausanne, Switzerland, August 30

Justice to Hindus

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read with profound interest and sympathy A Woman Without a Country in your issue of August 4.

No person who looks into the matter can deny that a serious injustice has been done to many worthy persons—Hindus and others—by the Cable Act which deprives any American woman of her citizenship if she marries an alien who is ineligible to citizenship. An American man may marry any foreign woman he pleases without losing his citizenship. Why should an American woman be discriminated against?

An injustice to an even greater number of Hindus has been done by the decision rendered some two years ago by one of the judges of the United States Supreme Court, that high-caste Hindus do not belong to the white race. During the last session of Congress Senator Copeland introduced a bill ("to amend Section 2169 of the Revised Statutes"), which, if enacted into law, will change this, placing Hindus among the various peoples of the world who are classed by American law as white. This classification not only is in accord with the best scientific scholarship everywhere, but it is in harmony with the definite recommendation made by the immigration commission appointed in 1911 to investigate the subject; also it is what American courts had always accepted up to 1923.

By the passage of the Copeland bill several forms of injustice will be righted, among which are these: (1) Hindus who have been long in America, who by proper naturalization have become American citizens, and are in every way loyal will not then be unjustly and without cause deprived of their citizenship and of the protection which citizenship insures, as is now the case. (2) American women, by birth Americans, will not then, on marrying Hindus, have their citizenship taken away, and thus be made "stateless" and without legal protection, as is now the case with a considerable number. I know a highly

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cultured American woman who married a Hindu scholar and author who, when the marriage occurred, had for ten years been an American citizen. Of a sudden, like bolts out of a clear sky, came these two retroactive government acts, taking away the citizenship of this American woman, whose ancestors have been American since the year 1700, and of her husband, and placing them in the cruel condition of possessing no citizenship anywhere and no rights to protection by any nation.

Mr. Copeland's bill has no effect on Hindu immigration into this country. It will cause the admission of not a single additional Hindu. It simply aims to correct a great wrong that has been done perhaps inadvertently.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., September 2 J. T. SUNDERLAND

Why New England Prospers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Nelson Antrim Crawford might have gone further in enumerating the lines of rural industry which are enjoying a renaissance of prosperity. He appears to have overlooked the manner in which the once almost abandoned apple orchards of New England are coming into their own again. For many years there has been practically no market for the product of these orchards and they have been allowed to lapse into desuetude, but now all this is changed!

At a cost of no more than two or three dollars a barrel of cider may be obtained, which with the necessary and not at all intricate manipulation may be converted into eight or nine gallons of absolutely pure apple-jack, selling without difficulty at $15 or $16 per gallon and even more. Orchards are now spoken of as yielding so many gallons per acre instead of so many bushels.

Washington, D. C., August 28 G. F. WEEKS

In Horthy's Hungary

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: With the recent conviction of Matthias Rakosi and 54 other Communists and left-wing Socialists by the Bethlen-Horthy Government, the number of prisoners who are being held in Hungary solely for their political views reaches several hundreds. These political prisoners are chiefly left-wing Socialists, Communists, and Liberals. The Government has been ruthless in the suppression of freedom of speech and of the press. *Vilag*, the best Hungarian-language paper, has been suppressed and its editor, Charles Feleky, imprisoned because of a single article which did not meet with the approval of government officials. Socialist and even conservative papers have been outlawed for criticizing Horthy or even the old Hapsburg family, a bit of Bethlen strategy calculated to win royalist support.

Authors of newspaper or magazine articles are being sentenced to prison terms of from one to five years under a law entitled "A Bill for the More Efficient Protection of the Country's Interests." Count Michael Karolyi, Professor Oscar Jaszi, and other statesmen and scientists have been indicted under this measure. Rakosi and the 35 of the others recently tried in Budapest were sentenced to terms varying from eight and a half years to ten months.

The families of these prisoners are in desperate need. No relief is officially permitted. Dominant sentiment is hostile to any movement in behalf of political prisoners or their kin and the relief distributed through foreign agencies has to be managed with discretion. This committee is, however, in contact with trustworthy agents in Hungary who are able to distribute relief to prisoners' families.

A correspondent has recently written to the committee:

> We have men and women released from prison from time to time and they need immediate help for mind and body. Last week I distributed parcels of food to 30 families of political prisoners. You cannot tell how I need funds to carry on this work. Unemployment is fearful and ex-political prisoners, of course, find it almost impossible to get work. Some are former teachers now barred from schools. Others, poets and journalists, are blacklisted. We can't let these families starve. If people in America knew some of the cases I help, I'm sure they would send funds at once.

Will those of your readers who are interested to help, send contributions to the International Committee for Political Prisoners, Room 410, 2 West 13th Street, New York City?

New York, August 24

ROGER N. BALDWIN
NORMAN THOMAS
ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN
JOHN HAYNES HOLMES
WILBUR THOMAS

So-So Figures

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In *The Nation* for September 15 appears this:

> In Brandfort the monthly death-rate for children, multiplied by twelve, reached the ghastly figure of 1,918 per 1,000, and in Bloemfontein the monthly death-rate for women, similarly multiplied, produced an annual figure of 1,554 per 1,000.

How come? Can the parts be greater than the whole? Can some children die more than once apiece?

A mere teacher of law—how can I hope to comprehend such statistical subtleties? I can't! I can think only of Carolyn Wells's wise-crack:

> There was a young lady of Skye
> With a shape like a capital "I."
> She said, "It's too bad,
> But then—I can pad,"
> Which shows one that figures can lie!

Do *The Nation's* figures lie? If so, how so? If I saw them in the *Sun* they would be so, of course. But, being in *The Nation*, are they merely so-so? Or aren't they so at all?

Lawrence, Kansas, September 12 THOMAS A. LARREMORE

[Our figures were so; our expression of them only so-so. Each month more than a twelfth of the prison population died. The annual death-rate was therefore more than 100 per cent—high enough to wipe out the prisoners in less than a year.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

Professor Sam, Militarist

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your interest in Uncle Sam as a professor of militarism prompts me to send you the following dispatch from the Paris *Herald* of June 8, 1926:

> Washington.—A startling development in the Tacna-Arica situation may be expected shortly. It will show the United States in the versatile role, it is said, of endeavoring with one hand to make peace between two nations which have been on the brink of war for two generations and employing the other hand to sell machines of war to at least one of the Powers involved in the historic controversy.
>
> The War Department, it appears, has granted four months of absence to Lieutenant James H. Doolittle, of the flying corps, with permission "to go abroad." Lieutenant Doolittle either is in Chile already or is on his way there. His mission is to demonstrate and sell to the Chilean Government the latest type of pursuit airplanes used in the American army. These pursuit planes are the fighting planes of the air. They have a speed of 180 miles an hour and are the principal weapon of defense and offense in aerial warfare.

Paris, France, August 31. FLORENCE BAYARD KANE

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Books and Plays

Dream of the Corn

By HAL SAUNDERS WHITE

Above these frozen furrows
The glancing gold of the sun
Is the dream of the corn.

Under the snow
The close black greeting;
The ultimate song.

Under the snow
The ageless tremors meet
In uncreated harmony;
Seeds tick thin earthquakes to the pressing soil;
Ever the dumb, sad pulse beats slow;
Thin, blind, white fingers tremble
And twitch an endless music on
Under the snow. . . .

Harvest has song here:
Through an unborn dawn goes the song of the reapers
Under the snow;
Through a night unending,
Processional and dim dance
Of corn-blades, liquid under the moon.

In the tick of the seed, strong song of the reapers. . . .

Ageless and dark runs the harmony of harvest;
The gold of the sun is the dream of the corn.

Sleight of Hand

The Story of Philosophy. By Will Durant. Simon and Schuster. $5.

MR. DURANT'S book is probably no worse than its fellow outlines, but it commits the typical sins. Its many sponsors have been thrilled, excited, awakened, and refreshed by the apparition Mr. Durant has given them of philosophy made as humanly familiar and as readily intimate as a street-walker. They were left cold by their college courses and their college texts when philosophy was conventionally "dry as dust." They have now been startled to enthusiastic warmth by the anecdotal richness of Mr. Durant's treatment, by the lightness of his touch in the handling of ponderous problems, which too often is sleight of hand; by the superficial clarity, the punning humor, and the real charm of his style. But they would again be frozen to disinterest, averted, perhaps even maddened by the vision of philosophy unhumanized, in the austerity of its logical structure, starkly complex and persistently dialectical. They would not see this beauty naked. Instead they would see eristic and technical obfuscation, bloodless abstractions, and colossal irrelevance to life. They would hardly call this magnificent, as Mr. Dorsey did "The Story of Philosophy"; but it would be philosophy, and there are some who find it lovely to behold.

In this the book's central blindness lies, that philosophy is conceived in a manner which would be rudely uncongenial, if not directly heretical, to the minds of the philosophers Mr. Durant has chosen to sketch sympathetically. Where he has achieved sympathetic insight into a philosophic system it has been largely on the side of its vital motivations rather than in terms of its dialectical intent. His implicit acceptance of the pragmatic attitude toward the history of philosophy is the one exception, an exception which makes his lack of appreciation for antithetical viewpoints the more distressing, since the pragmatic conception of philosophy is the unacknowledged, pervasive doctrine of the book, underlying its exposition of thinkers to whom pragmatism would have been unintelligible. This doctrine commits the fallacy of genetic interpretation. It assumes that ideas are to be exhaustively understood and their validity estimated in terms of their origins; that philosophies are most significantly revealed as biographical items in a socio-politico-economic context. Greek mathematics "grew with increasing complexity of exchange, astronomy with the increasing audacity of navigation." Aristotle, we are told, associated himself with the Macedonian group in Athenian politics, and it is "only with this situation in mind" that we shall "understand Aristotle's political philosophy." This kind of genetic criticism is extremely flexible and reversible. We are introduced to Spinoza by an elaborate delineation of the essential Hebraism of his nature, necessary for comprehending his thought; and then later we find that "he had a northern hunger for truth rather than the southern hunger for beauty." Schopenhauer expresses Europe's reaction to the devastation of the Napoleonic wars in his philosophy of quietism; whereas Hegel, his contemporary, prepares Europe for its next war by stressing the indispensability of strife and conquest in development. Whether such statements be true or false makes no difference to the point of criticism. Mr. Durant has been so anxious to interlace philosophy with life that he has completely missed the possible contrary perception that philosophy has had an isolated intellectual status, uninfluential in the social and economic nexus, and uninfluenced thereby. The thinker may be described biologically; thinking may be a psychological process, susceptible to various psychoanalyses; but thought itself—and here is Mr. Durant's blindness—has a logical structure disengaged from life and a life of its own in discourse which is purely dialectical. In this very fact lies the joy of philosophy, the delight which Mr. Durant continually tries to convey to his readers without ever really enjoying it himself.

The character of the errors in many cases forces one to suspect an uncritical reliance on secondary sources. From the viewpoint of philosophical clarity there is no difference between Mr. Durant's chapters on Plato, Aristotle, Spinoza, and Kant and similar sections in the usual textbook treatments; but Mr. Durant is more readable and therefore more dangerous. One meets not only with obtuseness but with inconsistencies in the exposition. James, we learn, began with psychology, "not as a metaphysician who loves to lose himself in ethereal obscurities"; his "Principles of Psychology" is "a fascinating mixture of anatomy, philosophy, and analysis; for in James, psychology still drips from the foetal membranes of its mother, metaphysics." There are lapses of another kind, in historical accuracy, in the unqualified report of questionable anecdotes, and in the general historical perspective. The book includes a table of philosophic affiliations which is most amusing on the contemporary level, Santayana deriving from French and British epistemologists and out of relation to Plato, Aristotle, and Spinoza; Russell and Dewey both stemming from Spencer, Dewey, the brilliant young Hegelian out of all relation to Hegel, and Russell, the student of Leibniz. Leibniz is not even mentioned. The most offensive, if the least important, of all Mr. Durant's sins is the vaudevillian character which informs the whole work. One can almost forgive him the bad taste of his punning and his little jokes; but one cannot brook the bald and blatant bombast of innumerable summaries of this sort: "Here [in Aristotle's works] is the Encyclopedia Britannica of Greece: every problem under the sun and about it finds a place; no wonder there are more errors and absurdities in Aristotle than in any other philosopher who ever wrote"!

It is not inharmonious with what has gone before to add

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that "The Story of Philosophy" is a very good book of its kind. But what of its kind? Plato was clear on this point. The poets were banished for writing stories about the gods. Diogenes and Mr. Durant would have been exiled with them for telling stories about the philosophers. Not that gossips and collectors of opinions could have harmed the real philosophers who ruled the perfect state; simply that lack of insight into the relation between discourse and truth would have offended them.

MORTIMER J. ADLER

The New Asceticism

Tarr. By Wyndham Lewis. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

WHEN first published some ten years ago this newly reissued novel was not less than prophetic. Here, before the appearance of Mr. Joyce's major work or Mr. T. S. Eliot's "Wasteland," was fully displayed the temper if not the technique of the most significant work which has appeared in England since that time. Not only did Mr. Lewis detach himself without apparent effort from all the preoccupations, sociological or sentimental, of the contemporary novel but in his hero Tarr, a lonely and savage intelligence fighting ruthlessly to keep himself free from the shabby emotional compromises of his fellows, he created a type which has appeared again and again, not so much because Tarr has been imitated as because he is a genuinely typical figure, the inevitable embodiment of a prevalent mood. Something of the novel's boldness, of its straightforward analysis of characters and situations which lie outside the beaten track of fiction, may be due to "Dubliners" or "The Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man"; but more is doubtless due to the fact that Mr. Lewis was not a novelist but a painter and that he could go directly at his material without ever being diverted for an instant into the grooves which novelists have worn.

It is against the background of "artistic" Paris—that shabby international bourgeois bohemia into which there drift a hundred disorganized nondescripts for one genius—that Tarr is projected, and the background is observed through eyes made keen with hate. Yet it is not upon this background—important only because its chaos permits the development to logical extremes of temperaments which a patterned society tends to hold in check—but upon Tarr himself, together with his messy-minded foil, Kreisler, that the interest is focused; and if the chief problem with which Lewis and his hero have to deal is the problem of sex, there is, nevertheless, no touch of that banality into which the sex novel in the romantico-sentimental vein of H. G. Wells has fallen. Here is no bourgeois pother about the "right to love"—a right which no competent intellect, accustomed to moral self-determination, has, during the last half century, failed to avail itself of as often as it thought desirable—but instead the struggle of a robust mind to think its way through the maze of nature to freedom.

Now, if we set aside the ascetic ideal, there are two ways in which the artist—and within the meaning of that term should be included whoever has a plan of his own for life which he sets against the banal plan of nature—may deal with sex. The first of these is what may be called the romantic way. Its aim is to sublimate and infuse; it surrounds sex with a mystical poetry, and while it makes of love an art it inevitably tends, at the same time, to devote art to love. It recoils in horror from the crude stuff of animal passion, but it nevertheless makes sex the most important fact of existence and it so diffuses the sex impulse as to invest everything with a subdued and perhaps disguised eroticism. Its painting, its fiction, its music, and even its religion, though they may be delicate and even prudish, are as saturated with sex as the pictures of Greuze or the novels of Thackeray. This was the Victorian way, and this, only slightly modified, was the way both of the lurid nineties and of the solemn age of H. G. Wells. But there is another way which, for better or worse, has revealed itself in much that is most significant in contemporary literature and which represents an effort to escape from the wearisome omnipresence of love. There are men—artists at least in the broad sense defined above—who resent this erotic tyranny, who, with no religiously ascetic ideal, demand some intellectual realm, some domain of art, which shall be free from this eternal preoccupation and who revolt against the ideal of romantic love because romanticization has involved, or at least made possible, this universal diffusion. They feel no need to battle against the flesh, they have no desire to waste their energies in a futile struggle against the demands of the natural man, and they preach no stern denials; they would make of love a game, a joke, or even a ribaldry in order that it may be kept in its place, that it may be reduced to an incident. Such, I take it, is the meaning of the obscenities which crowd the pages of such intellectual writers as Joyce and Eliot, and such, I deduce, is the philosophy of Tarr. Nothing could be less elevated than his relations with the women he knows; but (or rather, as he implies, therefore) "The tendency of my work, as you may have noticed, is that of an invariable severity. Apart from its being good or bad, its character is ascetic rather than sensuous, and divorced from immediate life. There is no slop of sex in *that*." It is, indeed, curious how few of the moralists who, seizing upon a fashionable word, sing the praise of "sublimation" seem to realize that sublimation implies an almost universal diffusion.

It can hardly be said that Tarr, for all his efforts, achieves to any remarkable extent the inward peace for which he struggles, and in general a cynic might remark of the whole school of writers here described that if their aim was to decrease their preoccupation with sex the evidence of their books would point to a singular lack of success. But our present concern is with nothing except an elucidation of the thought underlying a specific novel and a judgment upon it as a piece of fiction. "Tarr" is not quite easy reading for the very reason that it does not contain a single cliche, but there is not a page which does not reveal a fresh observation and a keen mind.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Comparative Superstition

This Believing World. By Lewis Browne. The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

HERE is a book that should give the fundamentalists fits. About five years ago they laid down five points: the inerrancy and infallibility of the Bible; the Virgin Birth and the complete deity of Christ; the resurrection of the same body that was buried; the substitutionary atonement of Jesus for the sins of the world; the second coming of Jesus in bodily form, according to the Scriptures. Mr. Browne effectually discounts these points by showing that they are more or less common to all religions. Thus the Koran to the faithful Mohammedans is inerrant and infallible; legend recounts that the god Attis was conceived immaculately in the womb of a virgin; the kindred myths of Adonis, Dionysus, Orpheus, and Osiris spread through the Mediterranean basin the notion of the resurrection; substitutionary atonement existed in the widely extended cult of Cybele and in the rite of Tauroboleum, or salvation through blood; while the second coming of a Messiah was found in Zoroastrianism and Persian Mithraism as well as in Judaism.

Mr. Browne nowhere specifically attacks the peculiar type of Protestant mind which considers that it possesses the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. He is not controversial but comparative in his methods. He insinuates his devastating information, and as a study in ethnic religions his book is most effective in discussing the historic origins of dogma. It properly begins with the prehistoric religions, and here, in the dark backward and abysm of time, it finds the fount of

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many of man's most cherished beliefs. As Book I shows, it all began in magic. To the cave man objects were animate—sticks, stones, storms, and all else. The primitive savage had fears still common to the animal mind of modern man, those idols of the tribe which persist in the belief in unlucky numbers, in ghosts, in telepathic messages, in malicious magnetism, in prophetic dreams, and the like. These fragments of ancient occultism, still surviving in the borderland beliefs of the numerologists, the theosophists, and even the New Thoughters, the author ingeniously traces back to primitive animism, shamanism, and fetishism. The reader might amuse himself by searching for further modern analogies of kindred superstitions. Thus the taboo against kindling fire on a holy day may still be found in New England farmhouses, where it is considered wrong to serve hot victuals on a Sunday, while the conception of agriculture as a phase of religion was exemplified only last year when the crops were blessed in the episcopal diocese of Fond du Lac. Further taboos, from foods to holy days, are to be found in restaurants on Bleecker Street and the Sunday opening rumpus at the Sesquicentennial.

Book I, How it All Began, is perhaps the most interesting of all; but Book II, How Religion Developed in the Ancient World, is also an eye-opener. There were the Celts, who gave us the merry mistletoe and also the Maypole dance, "reminiscently very naughty." The Babylonians were likewise not all they should have been. As to the Egyptians, more might have been said as to "Isis unveiled," considering the strange revival of the cult of this mother goddess which caused the New York police to run certain of her modern devotees out of the city. The treatment of Greek religion is decidedly weak. For one thing the Homeric religion was scarcely "a shallow, light-hearted cult," as Gilbert Murray shows in this year's edition of his "Four Stages of Greek Religion," not mentioned in Mr. Browne's bibliography. With Rome as the melting-pot of ancient faiths we gain significant contacts with early Christianity and discover that continuity of pagan thought which has persisted in the church until the present day. There are "tell-tale atavisms" in the Saturnalia of December 25 with its giving of gifts; in the holy day of Diana in August, which has become the festival of the Assumption of the Virgin; in the magic rites of Mithraism with the comforting conclusion that the mere consumption of the supposed flesh and blood of the god assured the partakers of life everlasting. Thus the early church borrowed, assimilated, and succeeded, but like the later policy of accommodation to native rites in Mexico and South America it was a costly triumph for Christianity. As the author sums the matter up: "What happened to Buddhism when it set out to conquer the Far East now happened also to Christianity in the West. It became an official and successful institution—and so degenerated."

WOODBRIDGE RILEY

A Catholic Vicar of Bray

Stephen Gardiner and the Tudor Reaction. By James Arthur Muller. The Macmillan Company. $4.

BEHIND the unceasing strife of Christian creeds there lies intact a certain fund of respectful sympathy entertained by eminent clergymen for the prelates of other Christian denominations—something like a pan-Christian feeling of solidarity. I suggest, as a fascinating possibility, that this sentiment may even cross the boundary-lines of the Christian faith. Who knows but that the Archbishop of Canterbury, in his secret soul, may look upon the Dalai Lama as a somewhat wayward but none the less well-beloved cousin, not to be mentioned disrespectfully to a laity always ready to encroach upon the privileges of spiritual peers? Be that as it may, it is certain that modern Anglican scholars, in their historical writings, frequently show an affectionate respect for the priestly statesmen of the dark ages and a sympathetic understanding of their doctrinal, political, and personal difficulties. This retrospective class-consciousness is by no means without its uses—the psychological insight into motives and impulses which it bestows has enabled many a learned clerk to write an excellent monograph on some priestly worthy of old times. It has inspired Mr. Muller, for instance, to write one of the most amusing and instructive of biographies.

Stephen Gardiner was born the son of a fairly well-to-do cloth-maker at Bury St. Edmunds in 1497, in the reign of Henry VII, and died in 1555, in the reign of Bloody Mary. Between these two dates he managed to squeeze a pretty lively and on the whole amazingly prosperous career—he went to Cambridge and became Doctor of Canon Law just at a time when skill in canonical chicanery was a recommendation to Henry VIII in his matrimonial troubles. Being notorious for that very skill, he was made Henry's ambassador to the Vatican, and—after his return from Rome—archdeacon, bishop, chancellor of his alma mater, and minister of state. Throughout his entire adult life he was an orthodox Catholic, a hater of Protestants, and, secretly or openly, according to the drift of the times, a devout believer in the spiritual supremacy of the Pope. But the most unwavering of his convictions, before which his other tenets had to yield, concerned his god-given right and title to a prosperous, comfortable, office-holding existence removed from the dangers conjured up from time to time by the secular and spiritual broils of his own day. As long as his dread sovereign paid court to the Holy Father, Gardiner was humbly glad to have his own convictions confirmed by royal authority; when Henry set up as supreme spiritual head of his loving subjects Gardiner wrote a book in defense of this new position, and stood by his book under the reign of the Protestant boy-king Edward; under Mary he swore off and became once more a Papist; in short, whoever was on top, Stephen Gardiner remained Vicar of Bray.

To make such a hero interesting and humanly presentable is no mean feat. Mr. Muller has actually achieved that feat—or would have achieved it had he not given in the frontispiece a contemporary portrait of his well-beloved Bishop. Such another compound of threatening tiger and frightened hare, let us hope, no picture gallery of spiritual peers can show.

JAMES FUCHS

Life and Times

Francesco Petrarca. His Life and Correspondence. A Study of the Early Fourteenth Century (1304-1347). By Edward H. R. Tatham. Vol. I: *Early Years and Lyric Poems.* Vol. II: *Secluded Study and Public Fame.* London: The Sheldon Press. New York: The Macmillan Company.

"PERHAPS there is no greater gap in the knowledge of European history possessed by the average educated man than that between the Fall of the Western Empire (476) and the Fall of the Eastern Empire (1453), or the period commonly known as the 'Middle Age'." If the Middle Ages are to become vivid to us, "we must call in the aid of Historical Biography, and try to recover from contemporary documents the details of a single life, intellectually in advance of its time, and passed in the most enlightened region of Europe. In this way only can we be made to realize that the men of the fourteenth century—when the seeds of the new times were germinating—were, despite external differences, more like ourselves than we had been apt to suppose." With Petrarch for subject Canon Tatham projects a four-volume essay in "Historical Biography," two volumes of which have now appeared.

On the evidence of the first two stalwart volumes, it is difficult to discover in what essential Canon Tatham's "Historical Biography" differs from the more familiar formula of "The Life and Times." Canon Tatham starts off with forty-two pages of Historical Survey wherein he sketches the state of Italy and the Papacy at the time of Petrarch's birth in 1304—a procedure urged by the peculiarly close connection, both direct

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and indirect, between Petrarch's life and the whole course of contemporaneous European events. The papacy at Avignon, medieval university life, the welter of Italian politics, the conflict between church and state—theocracy against growing nationalism—the revival of ancient learning: these are among the topics that come in for extended consideration. And their treatment is more conspicuous for erudition than for edge. This "historical" aspect of the biography is relentless in its scholarship.

The more strictly biographical part is best when Canon Tatham lets Petrarch speak for himself, and the two volumes contain far more of his letters than does any other English work. Canon Tatham's comments about Petrarch, especially in the chapter called His Misplaced Passion—who was "Laura," would seem to indicate that his very extended learning had been acquired at the expense of any very first-hand contact with the springs of human character. Canon Tatham in one place speaks of Petrarch's "passion for books as books," of Petrarch's being "the first, since the decline of Rome, to possess the literary—as apart from the creative—instinct." Herein is the most striking compatibility between Petrarch and his historical biographer. Canon Tatham's is a work tempered for scholars with a passion for books as books. Those persons who are scandalized by biographies with the clarity, the compactness, and the unblushing decency of Joseph Wood Krutch's "Poe" are assured a long and safe seclusion from any disquieting impacts within Canon Tatham's tomes. In volume II, however, there is a diverting stretch of unintended gaiety; The Crowning of the Poet is prolific in matter for a Gilbert and Sullivan opera.

These first two volumes do, indeed, humanize Petrarch; there is a god's plenty of fact. But Canon Tatham's is the scholarly rather than the creative instinct: splendid industry and accuracy, but no flare. His veracity is impeccable; but in order that his veracity be transmuted into truth, scholarship is not enough. Canon Tatham has told everything—and the bones of Petrarch lie buried under monumental superfluity.

RAYMOND WEAVER

Books in Brief

Western Australia. A History from its Discovery to the Inauguration of the Commonwealth. By J. S. Battye. Oxford University Press. $8.35.

Dr. Battye's scholarly work not only meets the need for a comprehensive history of Western Australia but also adds another important item to the list of special studies of the constituent parts of the British Empire, which has been growing rapidly of late. Beyond a full and thoroughly documented account of the development of the colony from the days of discovery and belated exploration to 1901, when Australia became a member of the Australian Commonwealth, the reader will find a wealth of information regarding the land question, the beginning and end of convict labor, and the hard and exciting struggle for the opening and exploitation of the gold fields. The land question in particular, apparently much more difficult and complicated in Australia and New Zealand than in any of the other British overseas possessions, illustrates in striking fashion the intimate connection between a land system and the growth of settlement and social institutions. An appendix of elaborate statistical tables, covering all important phases of the economic life of the colony, should be valuable for reference. The only regret is that Dr. Battye, having done so much and done it so well, did not include at least a summary of events since 1901.

An Enquiry Concerning Political Justice. By William Godwin. Edited by Raymond A. Preston. Alfred A. Knopf. Two volumes. $5.

No better book could have been chosen as second in the series of Political Science Classics being reprinted under the general editorship of Professor Lindsay Rogers. "Political Justice," out of print since the exhaustion of the edition of 1842, represents the logical extreme of late eighteenth-century rationalism and individualism. The student of literature finds it absorbing because of its influence on Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Hazlitt, and Shelley, and the political historian sees in its sudden eclipse significant evidence of the force of the British reaction against the French Revolution. The reprint has wisely followed "the naked boldness of the first edition." Unfortunately there has been some abridgment, involving the lopping off of certain quaint appendices which illustrate admirably the pitfalls of uncompromising intellectualism. Its present form, however, offers the modern reader surprising forecasts of nineteenth- and twentieth-century political, ethical, and economic changes, and still unrealized ideals of philosophical anarchy.

Organized Labor and the Law. By Alpheus T. Mason. Duke University Press. $2.50.

This book describes the legal status of organized labor in the United States. The common-law doctrines of conspiracy and restraint of trade are traced from their English origins, and the American development treated. Emphasis is placed upon the Sherman and Clayton acts, and their judicial construction in labor cases. The book is not reliable as a legal treatise, being neither complete nor professional. If it is intended for labor-union officials or students of the labor movement, it must be taken with a liberal dose of salt; for the author assumes, in the face of the chaos of the decisions, that there is a predicable state of labor law. The truth is that labor law today is so indefinite and subjective that Mr. Mason's neat summaries are meaningless and misleading. The book will prove useful, however, as a convenient, well-organized reference book, especially on the historical development of labor's legal responsibilities.

The Industrial Evolution of India in Recent Times. By D. R. Gadgil. Oxford University Press. $3.50.

Indian industry is still in its infancy. According to Mr. Gadgil, in 1911 "industry," which includes the raising of special products such as tea and coffee, employing 810,407 persons, engaged 2.1 million people or 7 per mille of the population. He may well say, therefore: "Even today agriculture is so overwhelmingly important in India that the periods of prosperity of the country as a whole depend almost entirely on the nature of the agricultural seasons." And the nature of the agricultural seasons depends almost entirely on the monsoon. The industrial evolution of India has so far been mostly a supersession of the products of ancient handicrafts by the products of Western machine industry. Mr. Gadgil carries his survey down only to 1914, excusing himself from a consideration of the succeeding years on the ground that the period during the war and since is too abnormal for an examination of it to lead to reliable conclusions. This is a doubtful position. He has already surveyed decades of great abnormality, such as that of 1891-1901, which was marked by general and severe famines. In any case the results of the war are with us, and mere wishing will not restore the order of 1914, either now or in the future. This period, in fact, was one of perceptible industrial growth that seems likely to continue rather than to cease.

Letters to Judd, an American Workingman. By Upton Sinclair. Pasadena. Published by the Author.

It is a great gift to be able to believe as strongly in anything as Upton Sinclair does in the impending social revolution, despite all evidence to the contrary. He is taking care of his health in the expectation of seeing the glad day of its coming, and now he has written and published a little uncopyrighted book of sixty-four pages, which he invites anyone interested to reprint from his plates in order to help the common people understand, and thus to hasten that day. As such a bit

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of propaganda it is a good book, containing most of the old socialist catchwords, illustrated by facts, near-facts, and statistics. As an explanation of the existing economic scheme and how it actually works, it is an incredibly bad book.

The Oxford Book of Scandinavian Verse. XVII *Century*—XX*th Century*. Chosen by Sir Edmund Gosse and W. A. Craigie. Oxford University Press. $3.75.

The latest of that excellent series called the Oxford Books of Verse. This tasteful little volume will do good service in the hands of lecturers on Scandinavian literature—providing such persons still exist. The selections are well made, but one misses, among the Danish authors, Jeppe Aakjær, and among the Norwegians, Arne Garborg. Emphatically, these should have been added.

Drama

Miss Rambeau Enjoys Herself

UNFORTUNATELY the stage attracts innumerable people who, their firm belief to the contrary, have not even the desire—much less the capacity—to act. Acting is a rare and difficult art which involves the submergence of personality and the creation of character; it has, however, a false and seductive counterpart in the make-believe of children and the posing of adults. Most little girls like to imagine themselves queens, many women get their chief delight in life from dramatizing themselves as misunderstood or wronged, and upon such the theater exercises an irresistible fascination. They fondly imagine that they feel the call to act, but what they really want is some more concrete embodiment of the fantasies of their ego. They long for some play whose heroine will body forth more definitely than their imagination has ever been able to do the role in which they fancy themselves. They want to be seen in the visible trappings of the queen, the heroine, the vampire, or what not they deem themselves to be, and they long, too, for an audience both larger and more appreciative than that which their circle of friends has been able to furnish. Acting they call it, but megalomania is what it really is.

Fortunately most of those who actually reach the stage are taken in hand by the managers and the directors whom they hate. Not many of them can play leads, and they are fitted in here and there where their "personalities" correspond to the thing for which a particular play happens to call. But let one of them—and they have of course their male counterparts—become an independent star, let him or her have a major voice in the choice of plays, and unless we are in the presence of that rare thing, a real actor, the theater will be turned into a theater not for art but for the display of the inner vanities of the player.

Hence it is that when an actor or actress appears in a series of plays as persistently and consistently bad as those to which Miss Marjory Rambeau has recently lent herself, one may generally be sure that the performer himself has had a hand in choosing them. No one may very much enjoy seeing her in any of these recent roles; to the mere spectator the fact that they permit her to be emotional to the top of her bent and the limit of her tragic laugh is no satisfactory excuse for their banal artificiality; but however little pleasure they give to others, they obviously give a great deal to her. Her plays have been bad in various ways, but they have been alike in one thing. All enable her to be the noble and resplendent woman who suffers for others and who suffers with a smile. Worshiped by the world, and yet unspoiled by praise, not even an indiscretion sullies the perfection of her character; and yet in this unjust world she pays and pays, taking up the burdens of others with a brave little laugh and accepting with a forgiving shrug the ingratitude with which they reward her. Grant her the emotional indulgence attendant upon appearing before the public in such a role, and Miss Rambeau will accept anything. Very likely she thinks herself devoted to her art. I have no doubt that she is one of those actresses who "feel their parts." But it is exactly here that the trouble lies. She feels them too well and too joyously to realize how preposterous they are.

As for the particular play at present in question, "Just Life" (Henry Miller's Theater), little need be said. It concerns a very noble and once very famous opera singer who gives up everything for a scoundrelly husband and for a daughter whom she considers ever so much more important than her career. She begins her sacrifice by selling her pearls, proceeds with it to the point where she desecrates her vocal cords with jazz in order to earn money, and does other things still worse. There is, it goes without saying, the faithful servant who offers to contribute her little savings, and there is besides a more lavish and impartial distribution of platitudes to all the characters involved than in any play seen here for a long while. All the virtuous female characters refuse cigarettes and all the virtuous male characters refuse high-balls; one might gather a large bouquet of such faded flowers as "I could never accept my happiness at another's expense" or "Love is the biggest thing in life"; but obviously the concoction is of no importance to anyone except to the lady whom it enables to play so personally satisfying a role.

The pity of it is that Miss Rambeau, though she could never be a first-rate actress, might prove effective enough under proper direction. She has stops in her voice, gestures in her arms, which, if employed at the proper moment in some tolerable play, might move an audience; but if she insists upon ruining her career to gratify a desire for womanly nobility in the same fashion that Miss Elsie Ferguson ruined hers by an inflexible determination to play anything which would enable her to be "queenly," she has only herself to blame. A successful actress must have brains—either her own or a director's.

"Queen High" (Ambassador Theater) and "Naughty Riquette" (Cosmopolitan Theater) are musical comedies, the first based upon the once popular farce "A Pair of Sixes," the second closely resembling all the operettas ever written in Vienna. Both are decidedly mild, but "Naughty Riquette" has as its prima donna Mitzi (concerning whom tastes differ) and as its chief clown Stanley Lupino, a first-rate comic.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

□ THEATER □

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□ MEETING □

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The first meeting of the season will be held Sunday, October 3, at 3:00 P. M. At this meeting
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International Relations Section

France in Algeria and Tunisia

By ELIZABETH KNOWLTON

ALL of North Africa is restless today. From Morocco through Egypt, there is uprising or threat of uprising, open insurrection or rumbling underground. The Great Powers have been compelled to realize that their North African dependencies are outgrowing their period of tutelage; and wherever this recognition has come in time to ward off actual rebellion, as in Egypt, Algeria, and Tunisia, there have taken place substantial concessions to native desire for self-government. But the best of these measures are only palliative, only the beginning of the solution of a highly complicated problem.

Of all the nations that, following the prevailing fashion for colonies, took over during the last century the control of North African Moslem lands, there is none that has quite so much at stake as France. France is by far the oldest settler, having first gone into Algeria in 1830. She dominates the greatest extent of territory, some 349,000 square miles, not including the deserts south of Algeria proper. Much of this territory is favorably comparable to Egypt in agricultural possibilities, and, especially in Morocco, it is rich in mineral wealth.

In any consideration of the shifting kaleidoscope of instability that North Africa is today, it may be taken for granted that France will consider no rearrangement that might weaken her hold there. Her African possessions are to her of the most vital importance, the keystone of her whole colonial empire. For military reasons alone, they are almost a necessity to her. The French fighting force is now reckoned as the number of Frenchmen plus the colonial troops; and the pressure of conscription at home is greatly relieved by the import of man-power from Africa. Algeria and Tunisia, for example, have furnished almost all the troops used to subjugate their co-religionists in Syria. These colonies count, also, not only for the Arab* fighting men they themselves can supply but as points of export for the black hordes from French Equatorial Africa, which it is expected will soon be linked up to the Mediterranean seacoast by a railroad to Algiers. Incidentally, those black soldiers on the Rhine, so much discussed some years ago, were stationed there not to insult the Germans but to reassure the French as to their numbers and availability. France looks also to Algeria and Tunisia for a sure grain supply in emergencies. Grains and cereals are now among North Africa's chief exports; easily accessible, just across the Mediterranean from Marseilles, it offers a source impossible to cut off in time of war, except by an opposing power having complete control of the seas.

An even stronger reason, perhaps, for French tenacity is a psychological one. Her North African colonies incarnate most vividly to the homeland her dream of colonial empire. She thinks of them as giving her room for expansion, for surplus population—a constant hope for the future, still cherished in spite of the stern reality of the decreasing birth-rate. At present her efforts to populate these regions with Frenchmen seem anything but successful. In Algeria for twenty years she has done all that a government can to encourage permanent settlers on the land. Still her *colons* have come only slowly and scatteringly; and the French smaller landholders are now showing a disconcerting tendency to sell out to the Arab and drift into the towns, so that today Algeria's French urban population is increasing much faster than her agricultural population. In Tunisia her efforts seem to be even less productive; it is said that all government encouragement is practically useless until France starts great irrigation projects necessary for any extensive cultivation. The final result of years of endeavor in Algeria and Tunisia is a total count of some 977,000 Europeans—only about half of whom are of French blood, the rest being mostly Italians, Spaniards, Maltese, and Jews—as against 6,816,000 natives, with the native population increasing much faster than the European. As the climate, which has proved healthy for Europeans, is obviously not to blame for this poor showing, North Africa seems to make it plain that the French are not the stuff of which great colonizers are made. The love of the family and the native soil is perhaps too integral a part of French nature to be overcome by governmental desire.

In spite, however, of such meager success, France clings tenaciously to her vision of herself as a colonial Power, equal in this to all the other Great Powers. And if she cannot import her own people, she will dream of making Africans into Frenchmen. The French ability as administrator of alien races has long been proverbial, and even recent mistakes have been only the exceptions proving the rule. With the minimum of friction, France in Algeria and Tunisia long ago accomplished all the usual colonial transformations. She has built roads and railroads and bridges, dredged harbors, opened up mineral wealth, introduced modern methods of agriculture, stimulated commerce, brought in modern sanitation, erected schools and hospitals, and given European government methods to lands of despotism and corruption. In short, she has laid at the feet of the outwardly acquiescent Arab all the benefits of modern Western civilization. Her officials show themselves on the whole uniquely adept at delicate surface contacts, at graceful interest in the ideas of the conquered race—of which such incidents as the recent opening of a Moslem mosque at Paris are symptomatic.

But those superficial smoothnesses and mutual acceptances, that deft avoidance of open trouble, have made many Frenchmen dream, as no stiff Britisher, for instance, would ever dare dream, of a final assimilation, by means of a series of only minor adjustments on both sides, an absorption of these very definitely Eastern peoples into the *civilisation française*. The French too readily ignore the fact that the great majority of the Moslems show very little interest, one way or the other, in the *civilisation française*, or in the feast of benefits, material and intellectual, of modern Western life, which has so persistently been spread before them. They are either unable or unwilling to use modern agricultural methods. They do not readily learn the simplest manufacturing processes. They do not send their children to attend the schools which the French have started for natives. They continue to prefer drowsing and dreaming in the sun, or philosophizing together in coffee houses, to the European ideal of economic productivity. The fact is

* Throughout, I use "Arab" as the French generally do, not ethnologically correctly, but as a convenient term for all native North African Moslems.

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that these white-robed, slow-moving, meditative followers of Islam are of the East Eastern in all their thoughts and feelings and interests; and the true direction of their desires, the very orientation of their whole lives, is buried deep in the mystery of race, far beyond the understanding of any casual Western conqueror.

Meanwhile things may move in a quite different direction. Against the present French desire for peace and the status quo, three forces are pressing, nationalism, Islam, and foreign communism. Nationalism—a new belief of the cultured Europeanized few, to which they are trying to convert the many; Islam—the embodiment of the unifying racial culture of the masses; French communism and Russian bolshevism—outside influences encouraging native revolt. In the presence and interaction of these three forces, the situation in Algeria and Tunisia roughly parallels that in Egypt, India, or even our own Philippines, of every land, in fact, where a somewhat backward people of different racial culture is under a Western government.

Although Islam appears politically chiefly as a racial tradition, binding together those peoples who have already a common temperament and point of view, yet its distinctly religious aspects cannot be entirely discounted. In North Africa, and especially in Tunisia, Mohammedanism is today a living belief. Religious feeling runs high everywhere, and is stimulated by a network of Mohammedan secret societies which covers Algeria and Tunisia, with branches in all but the smallest villages. Definite facts about their size and strength are unobtainable by non-Moslems, but it would be dangerous to underestimate their importance. Nine different organizations are believed to flourish in the city of Algiers alone. Mohammedan missionaries are also busy extending the power of the Prophet southward, making converts among the blacks of the Sahara. Islam's experiences and success elsewhere are closely watched in North Africa, and the illiterate nomads of the desert, meeting in village coffee-houses, discuss with keen interest such points as the recent Turkish law against the fez, or the present situation in Syria or Morocco. That other parts of the Moslem world are equally conscious of the tie that binds them to their North African co-religionists, and even look to these regions for future religious leadership, is shown by a proposal after the Turkish abolition of the Caliphate to make the Sultan of Morocco Caliph, and a rather more recent one to choose for that office the Moroccan insurrectionist and conqueror of Europeans, Abd-el-Krim. As far as non-Moslems may know, the Mohammedan religious activity in French North Africa is not, at present, aimed directly toward political ends, but it is feeding a fire of unity and fanaticism, from which other forces may kindle a general conflagration.

Such another force is nationalism. The nationalist leaders, as in so many other Eastern countries, have received their teaching and inspiration from their European rulers. Almost all of them in Algeria and Tunisia have had an education either in France itself or in some such French-founded institution as the Lycée Carna at Tunis. And from France also come their dreams of political liberty and a democratic government.

The Young Tunisians are the most important nationalistic body. Now between fifteen and twenty years old, they are theoretically non-existent, since their complete suppression after the revolt of 1922. In that brief and little-known rising the Arabs of Tunis, roused by Young Tunisian agitation, poured out in a body to the Palace of the Bey to beg him to drive forth the French invader and resume his ancient power. That crisis was handled in a typically French way, by a combination of the iron hand, which with a prompt show of force broke up the mob and arrested all the leaders, and the velvet glove, which smoothed things over by some concessions to Arab desire for self-government. Of these the most important took the form of a limited representation in the consultative council which directs local affairs in Tunisia, under the veto of the French Resident General and the aegis of the Moslem Bey. More recent Young Tunisian activities have, of necessity, been completely underground, but occasional newspaper agitation, followed always by prompt suppression and arrests, bears witness to a present heat of rebellion beneath.

The Young Algerian movement, modeled after the Young Tunisian, has never been so large or active. In fact, it has hardly been in evidence at all since the *beau geste* of the French administration in Paris in giving to the Moslem natives, in recognition of their services in the war, various political privileges, including a much widened franchise. This particular gesture of the home government, having resulted in increasing the number of native voters to 421,000, as against 120,000 French, has been greatly deplored and bitterly resented by the *colons* on the spot. And the Algerian Europeans, although numerically unimportant, represent, after all, the economic wealth of the colony, having in their hands practically all the banking and commerce and the large-scale farming enterprises. But this much-protested act, in giving the educated nationalistic Arabs the new toy of political power to play with, and also, if we are to believe the *colons*, the old familiar Arab tools of secret corruption and graft to work with, does at least seem to have resulted in keeping them out of more destructive mischief.

In Tunisia are other conditions making for unrest. Of these perhaps the chief is the fact that in the Protectorate the Italians, with their dreams of national glory, and with Tripoli next door, are in the majority over the French of 84,000 to 54,000. This situation, and the French suppression of Italian culture there, are continual thorns in the side of Italy. Tomaso Tittoni, in a semi-official article, quotes approvingly a French remark calling the Tunisian question "the principal element of discord between France and Italy." The Italian schools in Tunisia provided a special source of controversy, until the matter was satisfactorily settled under Herriot's regime. Feeling, however, still runs high on both sides. In this condition of tension Mussolini's imperialistic utterances and Mediterranean aspirations are the opposite of reassuring.

There are then, in general, more reasons for immediate disturbances in Tunisia than in Algeria. But its inhabitants provide less hopeful material for prolonged and successful native revolt. "The Moroccans are tigers, the Algerians are men, the Tunisians are women," so says a native proverb; and the instability of the gentle, indolent, fanatical, easily-influenced Tunisian Arab, plus the lack among even the educated of any natural ability for organization, would seem to be safeguards against elaborate rebellion.

How imminent, however, would be any danger of serious trouble in either country in the natural course of things, is hard to say; for the internal forces of unrest have powerful and active outside allies in French and Russian Communism. In accordance with the avowed policy of the Third International of centering attention on the world's

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sore spots, French Communist agitators have long been active in North Africa. They have frequently in the last years roused Arab workmen in Algiers and Oran to First of May demonstrations; and it is thought by the French Government that of the two it was French Communists and not Arab nationalists who were the chief instigators of the brief Arab revolt in Tunis. Russia first put in her finger in 1921, when the Congress of Eastern Peoples, called at Baku by Russian Communists, enunciated that doctrine so encouraging to North African patriots, "First Egypt. Then Tunisia, Algeria, and Morocco." Along with the talk in 1924 and 1925 of Bolshevist propaganda in France, and Herriot's expulsion of agitators, there went similar talk of activity in French North Africa, especially in Tunisia. A year ago last November, a special commission was appointed to study the Bolshevist menace there, and to deal with it by the regular French combination of repression and concession. It is the general opinion of European residents who know the Arab, that the Communist who hopes to make not only trouble for the rulers but permanent converts to his doctrine is preparing for a bitter disappointment. For they say that the Arabs are not the stuff of which Communists are made, that the whole spirit and philosophy of that party is uncongenial to the native temperament. If there seems to be an alliance of these two forces against the powers that be, it is the various nationalist movements of Islam that are using bolshevism for their own national ends, and not the reverse, whatever may be the self-deluding hopes of Moscow.

"That Film"

THE following interesting if unfavorable opinion of a widely heralded American film and the leading motion-picture comedian of the world appeared recently in the *Haagsche Post* (Holland):

I have seen a miserable film, one that earns millions—"Gold Rush," written, directed, and played by Charlie Chaplin. Nobody with the slightest self-respect can derive any pleasure from this stupid product. Mankind must be childish to regard this as a world success. Chaplin's vaunted healthy humor turns out to be merely American sentimentality that has become a habit. Charlie Chaplin has acquired a new mannerism, a new success-mannerism, that is all. This is the recipe: Humor equals one laugh plus one tear, presented by a clown with a soulful face and a pair of soulful legs. But now we are also aware that all this is worn without any psychic necessity and that in its foundation there is not an atom of deeper humanity. The recluse of "Gold Rush" is not tragic, though such is the presumable intent; it is Charlie Chaplin trying to make propaganda of the legend that his seeming foolishness is derived from, or overshadowed by, a pure human melancholy. . . .

Such a tasteless and childish business, this whole scenario of Charlie Chaplin. A puppet of Madame Tussaud goes to Alaska to dig for gold (dressed in an undertaker's mourning coat). He is not funny, he is only an exaggerated improbability. And why does he go to Alaska? To make the acquaintance of a young damsel with a bad reputation but a good heart, something that could readily have been found in Hollywood. Only in Hollywood they are probably more human than in the cold of Alaska, for in this dame all individuality seems to be frozen. She is neither fish nor flesh, a puppet operated by strings. Then Charlie Chaplin pulls a string and in sudden love she falls into the arms of the new millionaire. . . .

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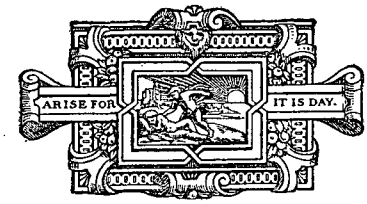

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Contributors to This Issue

W. E. Woodward is the author of "Bunk," "Lottery," and other volumes.

Glenn Frank is the president of the University of Wisconsin.

Michael Gold is one of the editors of the *New Masses*.

Hal Saunders White was a teacher of English at Yale University last winter.

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Joseph Wood Krutch, associate editor of *The Nation*, is the author of "Edgar Allan Poe: A Study in Genius."

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James Fuchs is known as a writer for the liberal and radical press.

Raymond Weaver wrote "Herman Melville, Mariner and Mystic" and "Black Valley."

Elizabeth Knowlton wrote Digging Up Carthage in *The Nation* of October 29, 1924, and Iceland's New Birth in the issue of October 8 of the same year.

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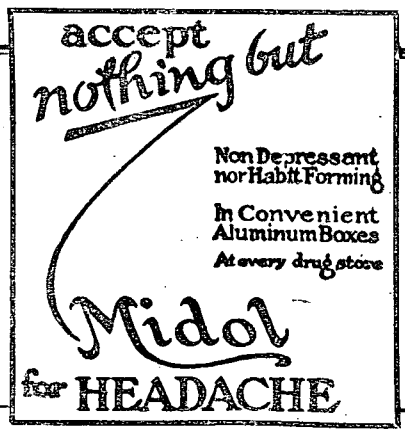

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